The SPHERE

Vol. CXXII. No. 1597 AUG. 30, 1930. THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

INTO THE ARABIAN DESERT

By Bertram Thomas.

SYDNEY'S GREAT BRIDGE

Special Pictures.

Doctors say it must be

GENASPRIN

THE SAFE BRAND OF ASPIRIN

There are a thousand and one predicaments of darkness which demand its steady rescuing beam of light. Buy an Ever Ready spotlight with a long-lasting Ever Ready battery and always be fully prepared.

ALWAYS CARRY YOUR EVER READY ELECTRIC LAMP

REG. TRADE MARK

EVER READY CO. (GT. BRITAIN), LTD., HERCULES PLACE, HOLLOWAY, LONDON, N.7

COINTREAU

Extra Dry for England

THE MERIT OF A COCKTAIL IS DISTINCTION. A DASH OF THIS LIQUEUR GIVES IT.

Drambuie

PRINCE CHARLIE'S LIQUEUR

THE LEADING LIQUEUR OF THE EMPIRE

* * * * *

DRAMBUIE LIQUEUR CO. LTD., 9, UNION ST., EDINBURGH

Free sample sent on receipt of twelve penny stamps to cover packing and postage.

A GREAT WORK WITH A GREAT OBJECT.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES & "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

Over **28,000 poor boys and girls** have been given a chance in life, and have been trained to become good and useful sons and daughters of the Empire.

10,000 Boys have been sent to the Royal Navy and Mercantile Marine.

1,100 children are always being maintained.

FUNDS URGENTLY NEEDED

to prevent curtailment of any Branch of the Society's Work.

Patrons: THEIR MAJESTIES THE KING AND QUEEN, H.R.H. PRINCESS MARY, Countess of Harewood, FIELD-MARSHAL H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT. *President:* H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES, K.G. *Chairman and Treasurer:* FRANCIS H. CLAYTON, Esq. *Deputy Chairman:* LORD DARYNGTON. *Chairman of "Arethusa" Committee:* HOWSON F. DEVITT, Esq. *Secretary:* F. BRIAN PELLY, A.F.C.

164, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON, W.C. 2.

THE SOCIETY PLEADS FOR LEGACIES AND BEQUESTS.

THE SEA AIR

is invigorating and healthy for the body, but this saline-charged atmosphere has ill effects on the skin, which it is inclined to harden, roughen, and give an unpleasant stickiness. All these effects are overcome by applying

BEETHAMS Larola

which not only protects and improves the skin and complexion, but enables both to brown becomingly without peeling and soreness.

From all Chemists and Stores, or post free direct, 1/6 & 2/6 per bottle.

M. BEETHAM & SON, CHELTENHAM, ENGLAND.

CADBURY *Maker of fine Chocolates*

WE'RE OFF ON BP

THE HOLIDAY SPIRIT!

BP DOESN'T VARY

GET THE NEW BP

"MILWATA" REGD.
WEATHERPROOFS

are acknowledged by the leading buyers as being

THE SMARTEST and MOST RELIABLE IN THE WORLD.

Therefore INSIST on your new Waterproof being a "MILWATA."

"POINT-TO-POINT" (Regd.) The smartest light-weight double texture waterproof coat on the market. Worn by the leading Racegoers at all the Meetings. The vent carries an inverted saddle flap at the back so that it can be worn for riding astride.

"POINT-TO-POINT." (Regd.)

Wholesale only:
H. E. MILLS, Ltd.,
"Milwata" House,
18 Wells Street,
London, W.1
'Phones:
Museum 1326
(2 lines).

Supplied by the leading Outfitters in every Town all over the World for Men and Women at - 49/9

Owing to many inferior imitations of this coat on the Market, insist on seeing the "MILWATA" trade mark on the ticket.

STOPS

MOTOR SICKNESS

Travel sickness eliminates the enjoyment of motoring for thousands. The sensation of constant motion results in exhaustion, stomach disturbances, dizziness and headaches. "Mothersill's" stops and prevents the discomfort of travel by Sea, Train, Air or Motor at once.

For Sale by Chemists

Make your next trip in comfort with "Mothersill's"

E23

MOTHERSILL'S SEASICK REMEDY

The Mothersill Remedy Co., Ltd.
92 Fleet St., London, E.C. 4
Montreal New York Paris

PRESENTATION ALBUMS

With hand-made paper leaves, in superb Morocco Bindings, suitable for Signatures when presenting Testimonials and Addresses. Three sizes: 25/-, 42/-, 52/6 net.

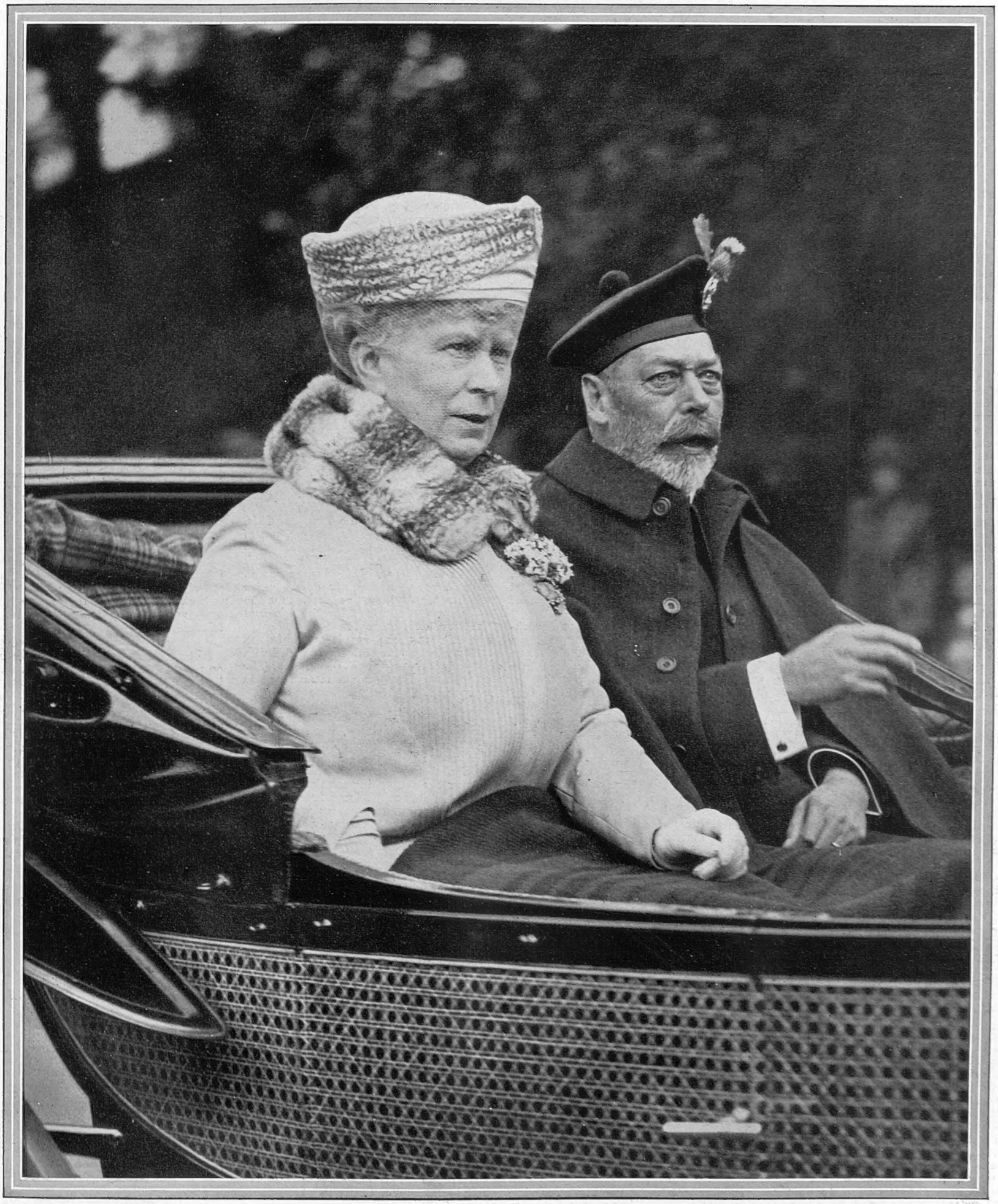
EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE (Publishers), Ltd., 6, Great New Street, E.C. 4, and all Booksellers

THE SPHERE

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

With which is incorporated BLACK & WHITE

Volume CXXII. No. 1597 Price One Shilling. Postage {Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.: Foreign, 2½d.} London, August 30, 1930



A Happy Grandfather: H.M. THE KING in residence IN SCOTLAND

The annual visit of the King to North Britain is this year doubly happy; not only is it the first occasion since the illness which clouded 1928–29 that His Majesty has gone to Balmoral, but also the visit has synchronized happily with the birth of the fifth lady in the land. The King and Queen are seen above returning from Crathie, where they invariably go from Balmoral to church on Sunday. When in Scotland the King and other members of the Royal family invariably pay the country the courtesy of wearing the national dress. His Majesty is to-day, in Scottish minds, not only the monarch to whom they own allegiance, but a very happy grandfather of a grandchild born on Scottish soil.

A London Newsletter

INVERESK HOUSE, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, August 27, 1930.

The Princess's Nose. — Princess Elizabeth's nose, that expressive member, is not after all put out of joint. She has acquired, not a future tyrant, but a foil and a lady-in-waiting. Princess Elizabeth Tudor was very much under the thumb of an elder sister. Elizabeth of York is in easier circumstances. She rules the hearts of the sentimental British public, and tyrannizes over several devoted uncles. By that peculiarly modern ancient Salic law she precedes in the succession her father's younger brothers, as does therefore her anonymous sister now enjoying the autumn sunshine of Glamis. To be born in Forfarshire in August is a very good start in life.

Marion Terry.—The last of those four famous sisters, who proved that true beauty is not of face and form but of mind and spirit, who dazzled our fathers, and gave to our youthful memories their loveliest treasures, is dead. I am glad to think that I saw Marion Terry in two rôles, so different and yet so similar, as Mrs. Erlynne and as Susan Throssell. *Lady Windermere's Fan* has never been worth seeing since Marion Terry played Mrs. Erlynne for the last time. *Quality Street* is carried to eternity on her shoulders. I can hear her voice now as Mrs. Erlynne, the voice of a brave, reckless, disillusioned, all-understanding, all-forgiving woman, calling like truth across an ocean of artificiality. And I can hear her saying, "Serjeant, I am wishful to scold you." What a debt I owe to the Stage and therefore to the Terrys.

The Weight of a Name.—The late Duke of Northumberland and his brothers and sisters were brought up in the strictest Victorian tradition—social conventions, sanctions, and discipline bulking very large in their home life. With this curious result, that they emerged with less class-consciousness than the most painstaking Bohemian or Bolshevik reveals. The brothers proved themselves simple in their tastes, frank and direct and quixotic to a marked degree, and utterly above snobbishness in any form. As for the Duke, if ever a man was handicapped by the weight of a name, he was. As Lord Alan Percy his fine character and good abilities would have carried him far; as Mr. Smithers they would have carried him to the top of the tree. He believed that a ruling class, if inspired with patriotism and, above all, temptation to make petty personal capital, was the only way of safety in government, and the ghastly failure of Democracy has already justified his belief. He was a jealous guardian of individual rights, possessions, and traditions, for the reason I have given. Because he was a duke and a rich man, the ignorant saw in his principles a personal motive. The force of his convictions gave to his pronouncements a violence which was often regarded as unbalanced—in a duke. Yet his private needs and tastes were less expensive than a working man's. He was a plain Englishman and a wise patriot.

Lafayette
THE LATE LEADER OF THE DIE HARDS: The late Duke of Northumberland, a militant aristocrat, a debater of worth, and a keen and able soldier. A picture taken when he was Earl Percy and was about to marry Lady Helen Gordon-Lennox. The Duke died last week following acute appendicitis

The Road North.—I address these lines to you on the Great North Road. It can't be denied that, fair as its surface is, the North Road is a plaguey dull road for very long stretches, until indeed you approach the Border country. But once across the line, inexorably the old sense of romance returns. In Southern Scotland there is much that is dull and sordid; for example, the mining area of Lanarkshire is not inviting, and the purlieus of Glasgow are positively dingy. Yet Scott—that wizard—has managed to do for the Lowlands entire what Nature and legend have done for the Highlands. The Border remains something more than an "imaginary line drawn"; it is a line which divides reality from imagination. As you at last approach Perth, the charm works by itself unaided. The Highland Road across the Grampians, despite its ugly new bridges, remains the road of romance. Its gradient literally and figuratively is all a gradient should be. It takes you quietly up to lonely Drumochter and the respectable altitude of 1,500 ft., and then pushes you gently down to Britain's most smiling valley, Newton More and Kingussie, the silver Spey winding among rocks and heather and little fields of oats. And for me every year the first sight of little Newton More gives a sense of peace and homecoming into a country of friendly hills and kindly folk, the last reserve of Nature, the last surviving aristocracy in civilization.

Brave Words.—Mr. Churchill has certainly suffered eclipse in the estimation of the Conservative-in-the-Street in the past months. And I think the reason has been that he still pins his faith to out-worn political arts and graces and conventions. In our sad experience of recent politics we have come to feel the futility of triumphs in debate and of vigorous destructive criticism. Since you all fail, say we, why criticise your rivals? But latterly our longing for one more experience of the "Palmerston touch," one more splendid, reckless conviction of British power and superiority, has grown insistent, and it is impossible that any patriot can fail to be stirred by Mr. Churchill's latest clarion call. He set on record his profound sorrow over the weakness and vacillation of our policy in India, in Egypt, and with the Navy, and he wound up thus:

> "It would be foolish to take decisions till facts are made plain. Then you will soon see this wretched Socialist Government driven from office. Confidence will be restored in Britain and spread from Britain round the world. Industry will be stimulated by a tariff, Agriculture aided by a guarantee. The dole will be purged of abuses and imposture, and we will bear our part in a general revival of imperial strength."

Brave words, Mr. Churchill, if vague! But are you brave enough, can you collect a dozen others brave enough, to cash those phrases into minted deeds? Have you the courage of your convictions or merely of your constituencies?

The Triumph of Medicine. — A correspondent has hauled me over the coals because recently I lauded the modern triumphs in medical science. His argument is that medical science, among the sciences, is more remarkable for its failure to advance than for its progress. He instances, *inter alia*, its pathetic appeals for light on the still obscure origins of influenza and measles, two ancient and common diseases. And I am bound to contribute evidence on the subject of diet. In cases of indigestion, a doctor told me the other day, we still know less than nothing of the influence of diet. Experiments in individual cases may still occupy years before any success is achieved. And hard on the heels of my correspondent's protest comes this cutting from *The Times*:

> "Sixty-seven of the children treated at Lübeck with the tuberculosis immunization process named after Dr. Calmette have now died and fifty-three are still ill."

Perhaps I holler-ed too soon. The truth is I possess a childish faith in doctors as long as their treatment is gentle and homeopathic. At least let us admit we have advanced in sanitation.

Broadcast English.—In my admiration for the B.B.C. announcers I yield to none. The voices are clear and cultured (and seldom Kensington-cultured), and their delivery is admirable, and they are bringing light to them that sit in the shadow of Babel. The publication, *Broadcast English, Vol II*, is the work of very learned authorities and is most interesting reading. It can't be said to standardize pronunciation, but it does achieve two things—it shows the difficulties which face an announcer, and it indicates that standardization will ultimately be accomplished along the road of pronunciation-as-spelt. The handbook, as at present published takes too few liberties; we should none of us complain if Uttoxeter and Belaugh and Slaithwaite were pruned of some of their numerous alternatives. There is not the faintest reason why all three should not be pronounced as near as may be as spelt, just as we have come to pronounce Cirencester and Daventry. But tradition and sentiment are mighty forces, and nowhere exert greater force than in the matter of place names and surnames. And for me all my logic breaks down when I hear *Ponsonby* pronounced as spelt; and *Bister* and *Tarnton* and *Yewurn* will cling to me till I die.

Colonial Films.—The White Paper report of the Colonial Films Committee is worth studying. It brings prominently forward how by a very slight expenditure of common sense and initiative a crying evil can be remedied and at one stroke a great service rendered to British industry. The evil is a widespread and crying one. All over the Empire, cheap and ignorant films produced by cheap and ignorant dagoes, depicting a totally fictitious aspect of the manner of life of the upper class white population—usually British—are shown in a thousand cinema-halls to primitive races. They nightly observe (with wonder and contempt) the dominant race which is sent out to govern them and to teach them the blessings of civilization—dancing, and drinking, and toying with adultery. To enrich every country but our own, these primitive races are taught to despise us and detest us. Swift and judicious action could be taken to end this deplorable state of things and to ensure to British endeavour the duties and profits of furnishing decent and edifying films to the primitive races in the Empire. It is, after all, our Empire, and the business of keeping it together is not made easier by the present foreign monopoly in (not always oblique) anti-British propaganda. Films are not necessarily dull because they are true to life and decent. On the contrary, the educated Englishman and the primitive races are swift to show appreciation of any rare instance of truth and taste on the screen. In the film industry decency pays dividends. The naked savage at least still retains a grain or two of inherent taste.

Væ Victis.—The final Test match, dragging wearily along, plainly typified the practice and failure of modern life. We have no discipline and therefore set no limits to our recreations. In our hunger for satiety in sensation we forget that enough is as good as a feast. Every good thing Heaven gives us we spoil by overdoing it and over-advertizing it. Small wonder then if the white heat of sensation in which the Oval Test started ended in cynical indifference, a rather stupid joke. Our star cricketers are not in very truth supermen, neither are our leading tennis players. They emerge from humble homes, equipped with a moderate education, to acquire a moderate proficiency in a ball game for young people. At this point we enthrone them among the kings of the earth, and as long as they are successful we pay them the homage only due to great thinkers, mighty scientists, men of pre-eminent achievement. The moment they fail or disappoint us we dethrone them mercilessly, and the poor creatures have nothing to fall back upon in the way of philosophy—*Væ Victis!* So it was in ancient Rome when the bread grew mouldy and even circuses began to pall. Cricket is only a game for young people still, and the Australians deserved to win the late-lamented rubber. And now, since the result is unlikely to produce a fall of the clouds, let us forget all about it till next time. In all conscience, *nuff said.*

THE ASHES: The urn in which mythically repose the "Ashes"—emblem of Anglo-Australian Test Match prowess, which Messrs. Woodfull, Bradman, Grimmett and Co. have taken back "down under"

Saint Partridge. — On Monday next, English sportsmen will have their turn and scores of men from many walks of life will "lard the lean earth" as they walk through wet turnips in newly-oiled shooting-boots and stiff gaiters. It's cruel work wearing shooting clothes on a hot September day in the South. In the Highlands a thick tweed is never intolerable for more than an hour or so. The partridges appear to be good this year again. The coveys I have seen in Surrey and Hampshire are numerically strong but backward. There will be, I fear, a slaughter of the innocents. It is not at all uncommon, with a beginner at the butt-end, to see three and even four such cheepers drop to a single shot. At the same time, to delay the shooting till mid-September is risky, for the partridge becomes far too wild by October to be approachable and can only be dealt with by elaborately-arranged drives.

Anti-litter.—Here's good luck to the New Forest Anti-litter Campaign. It's a good idea and I only pray that the light of publicity will illumine the demonstration and that some of the miscreants responsible for the damage will hear and digest the propaganda. If the lesson fails, the forest folk must fall back on a still more strenuous campaign, one which may yet be adopted in every locality popular with tourists. The younger men of the district must organize themselves into a local fascist group and regularly patrol the forest and exact with the force of their will (if not of their forearms) the taste and decency which their scenery demands.

The Ducks Enjoyed It.—There fell on my garden on the Hindhead uplands, between July 21 and August 21, just under six inches of rain, to be precise, 5·90 in. The average rainfall for July is 2·50, for August 2·35. It is therefore fair to say that during the period named the rainfall was 100 per cent. above normal. The weather for a month has been (as you may have observed) abnormally cold and stormy and uniformly beastly. Grass tennis courts have been a tantalizing vision of emerald-green. The weeds have never had such a field day. Gales at 50 m.p.h. have cut down everything on stalks. The dog days have proved savage mongrels. And P.S.—Two more inches have fallen since I wrote this paragraph.

THE OLD STAGER.

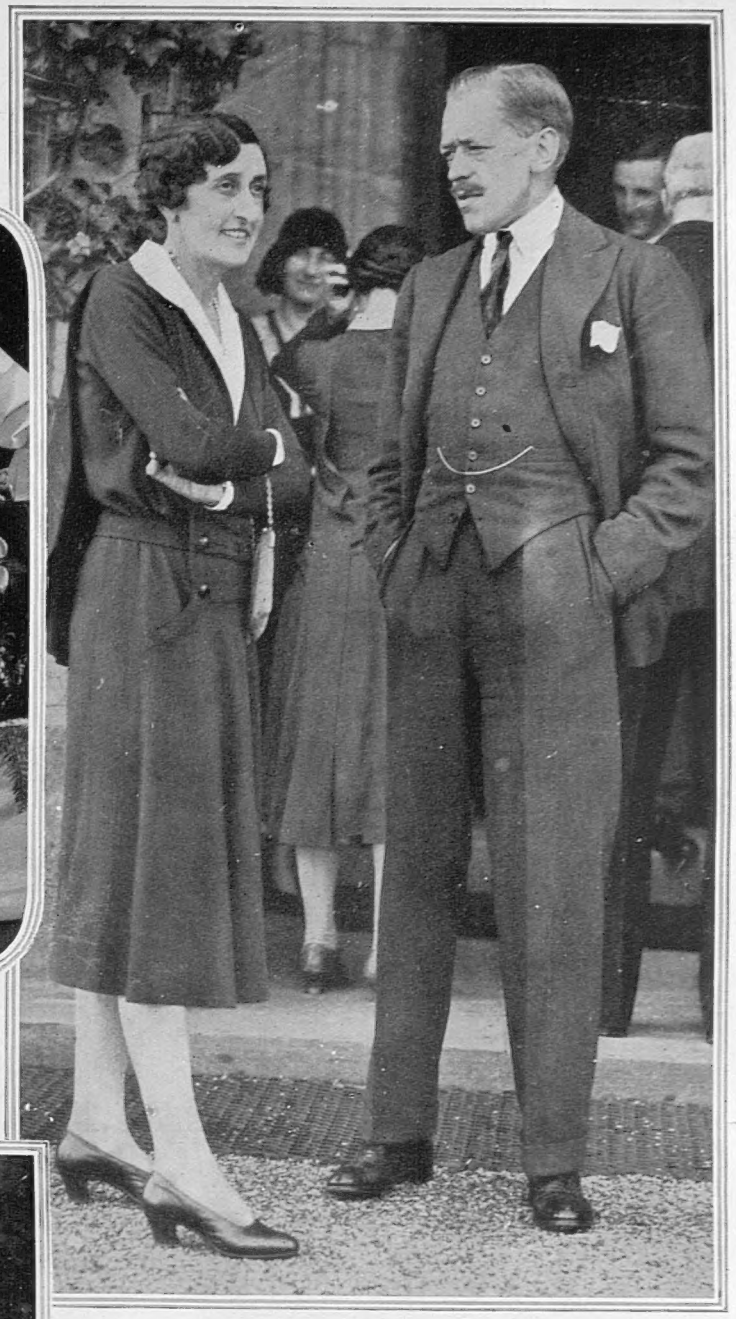
THE SPORTSMAN: A. P. F. Chapman, ex-captain of England, with G. T. S. Stevens and H. J. Enthoven, watches the 5th Test Match from the Oval balcony. Mr. Chapman's attitude to the selectors who dropped him and to his supplanter, R. E. S. Wyatt, was the very pink of sportsmanship

THE SOCIAL WHIRL

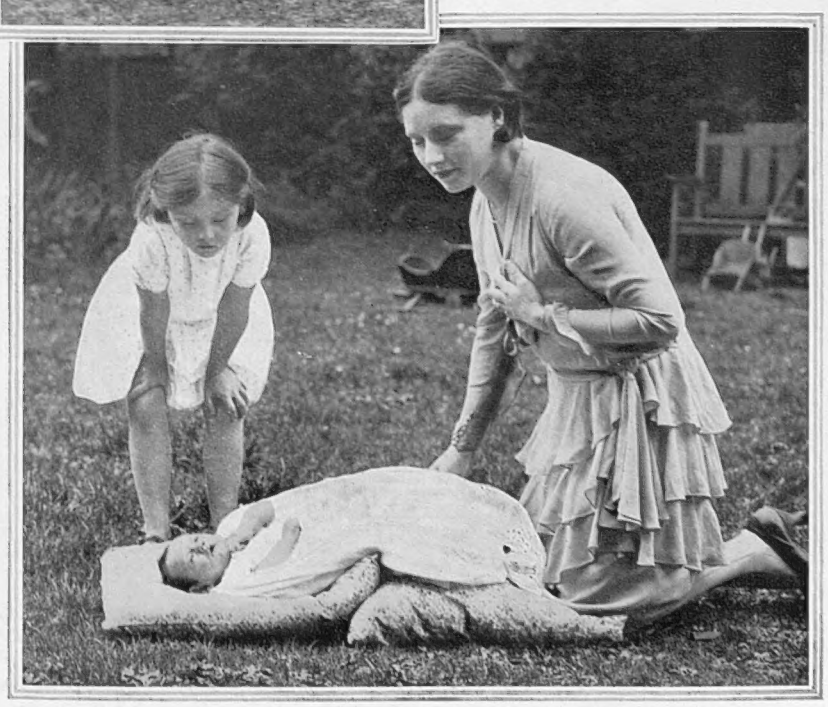
"The Sphere" Surveys the Stage of Society

A SON FOR SIR LINDSAY HOGG: Lady Lindsay Hogg (formerly Miss Frances Doble of "Young Woodley" fame) with her baby son

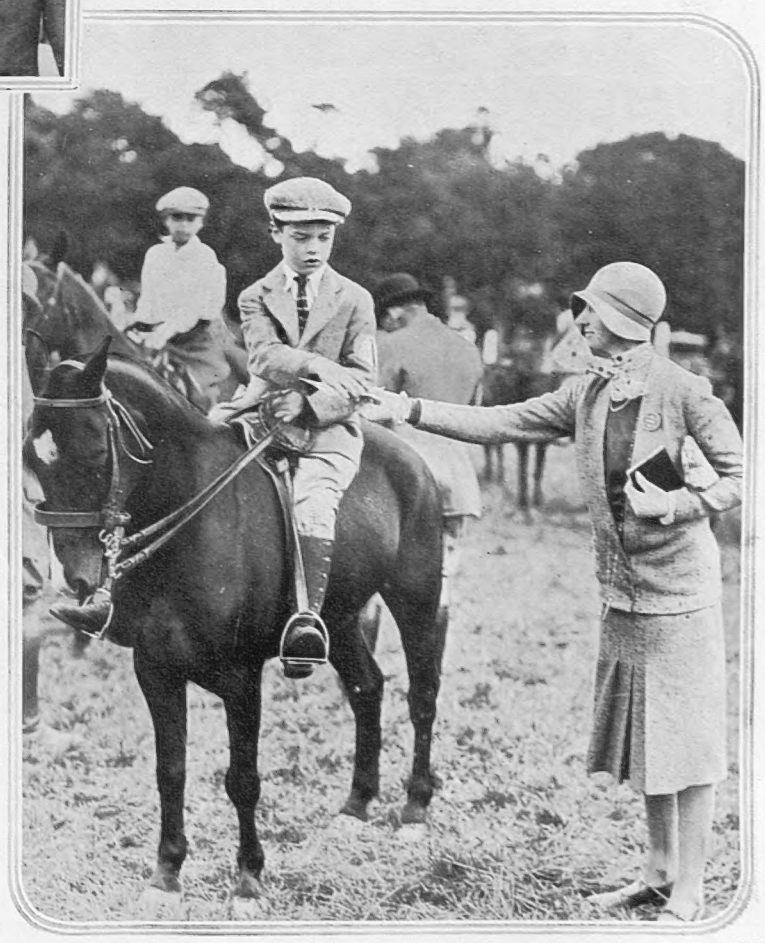
HEROINE OF THE WEEK: Lady Frank seen with her husband, Sir Howard Frank. She dived fully clothed into the sea at Brixham and rescued a drowning child



AT THE COWDRAY WEDDING: Lady Cowdray with Mr. Andrew Drummond Murray, groomsman to Mr. George Anthony Murray, who married the Hon. Angela Pearson last Monday, at Easebourne Church, Cowdray Park, Sussex. The reception to the tenants is seen above



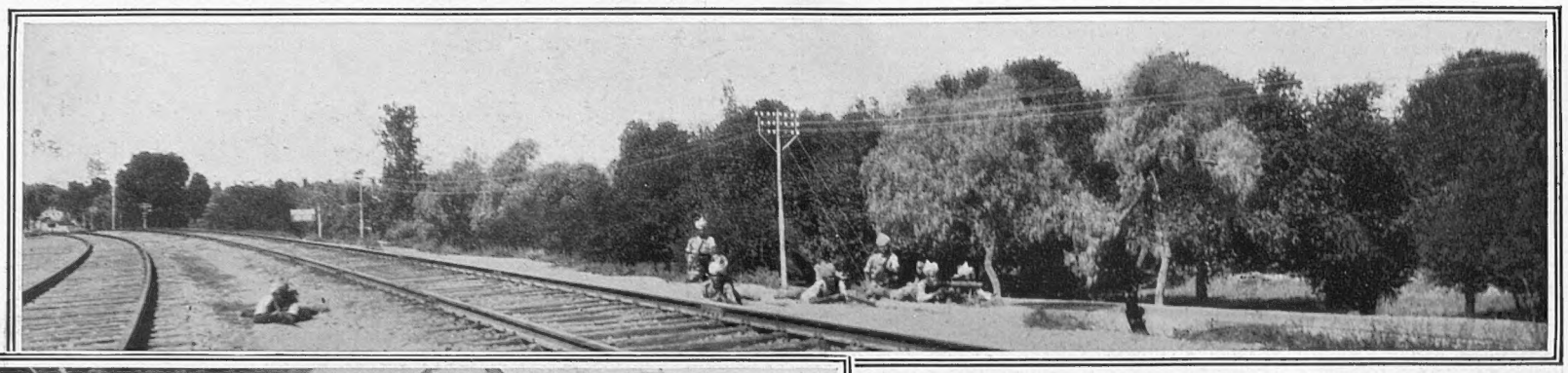
PLAYMATES ALL: Mrs. Glen Byam Shaw (more popularly known as Miss Angela Baddeley), with her two children—Jane is now six years old and George David six weeks—in the garden of her Putney home. Inset above—At North Berwick, Miss Rosemary Hope Vere and her fiancé, Mr. John Drury-Lowe, Scots Guards, who will shortly be married in the Guards Chapel



AN EXPERT EQUESTRIAN: Master Nicholas Carew receives from the hands of Lady Ebrington the rosette awarded to the best rider under thirteen in the first South Devon Pony Show and Gymkhana for Children, held at Yelverton recently

"The SPHERE" SURVEYS the WORLD

The Military in India : Dr. Andrée's Balloon Found After Thirty-three Years : Italy Wins the Ulster T.T.



THE SCENE OF A DASTARDLY ATTEMPT : A machine-gun picket of the Punjab Regiment set up where an attempt was made to blow up the Calcutta mail

RE-OPENING THE COMMUNICATIONS AT PESHAWAR : A section of the armoured train, manned by British troops, which brought the men to re-open the communications cut by the raiding Afridis

ON GUARD : A party of the King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry guards the railway line with machine-guns. Communications in the Peshawar district were endangered by the Pathan tribesmen

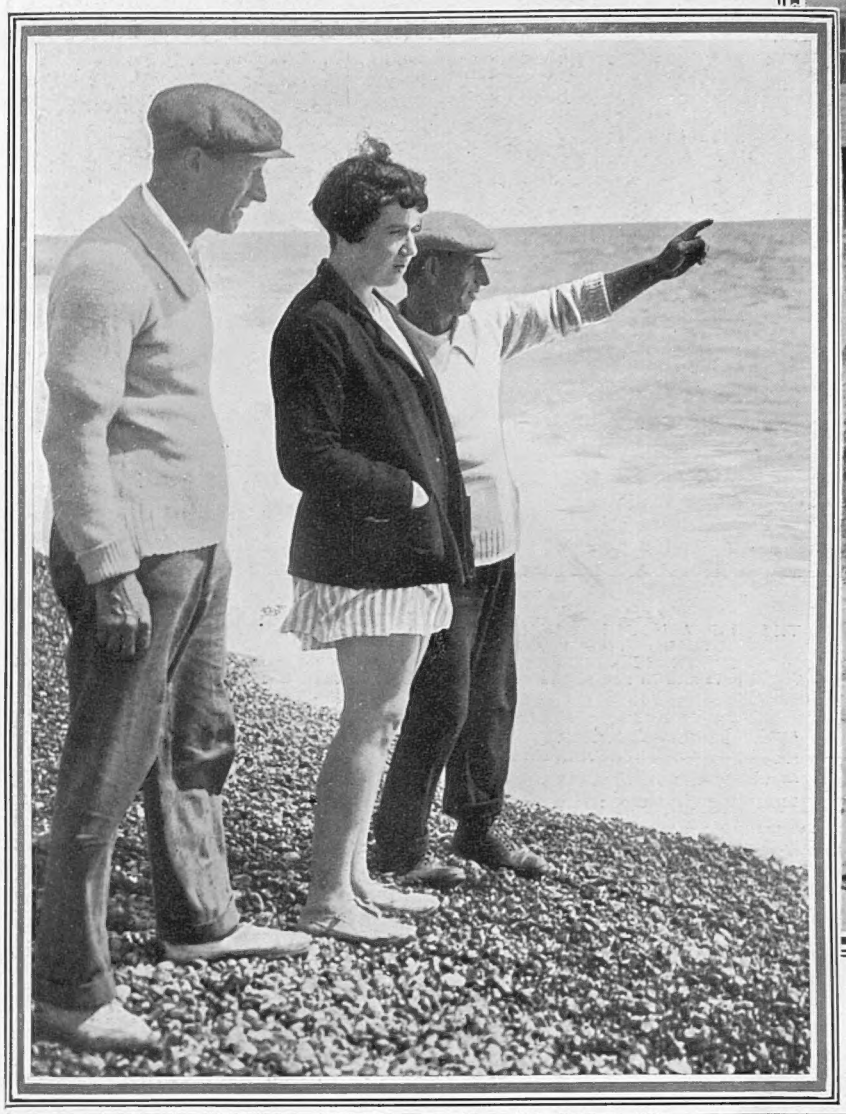
By courtesy of "The Illustrated London News"

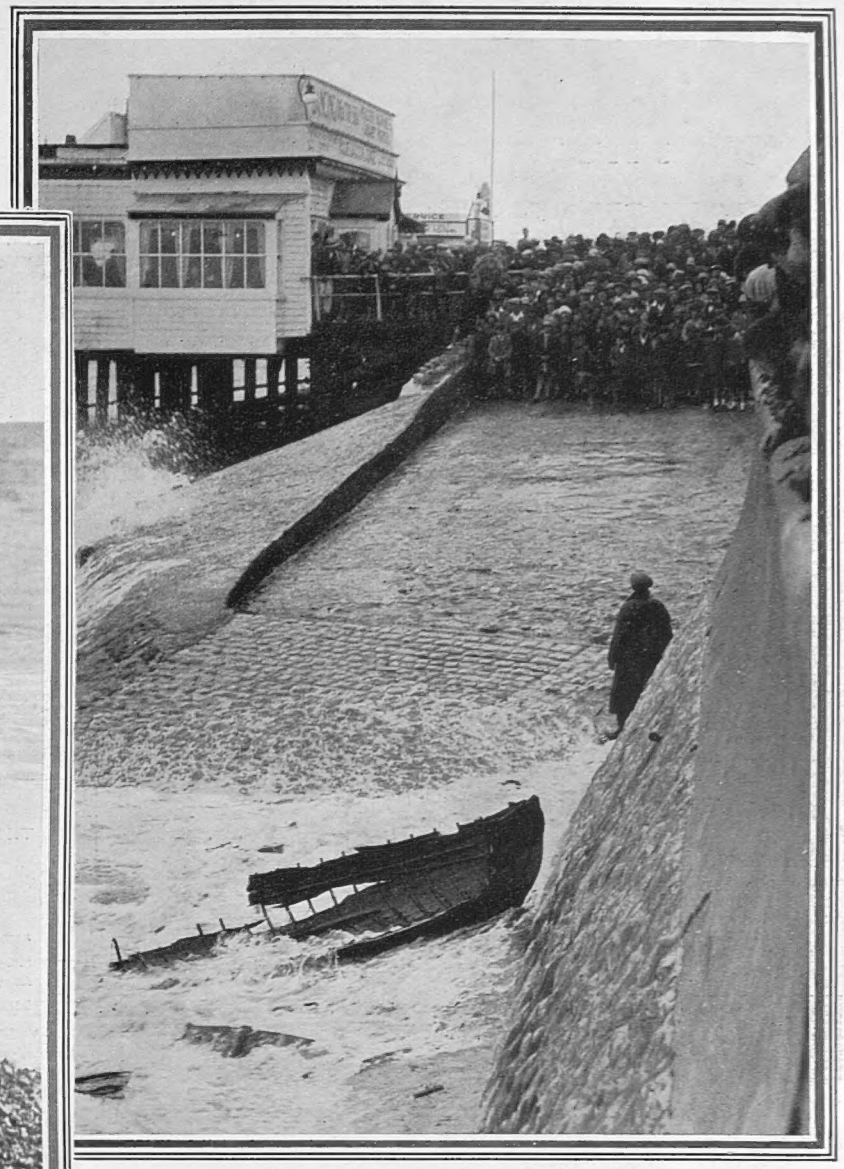
AN ARCTIC MYSTERY SOLVED AFTER THIRTY-THREE YEARS : The balloon of Dr. Andrée, the daring Swedish aeronaut, who, accompanied by Herrn. Strindburg and Fränkel, attempted to fly over the North Pole in 1897. Their camp has just been found off Franz Josef Land. It is hoped that, with careful thawing, the diaries and notes, now encased in ice, will prove legible

AN ITALIAN VICTORY IN THE ULSTER T.T. : Signor T. Nuvolari, who won the most important road race of the year in an Alfa-Romeo, being chaired at the end of the gruelling contest, won at a speed of 70.86 m.p.h.

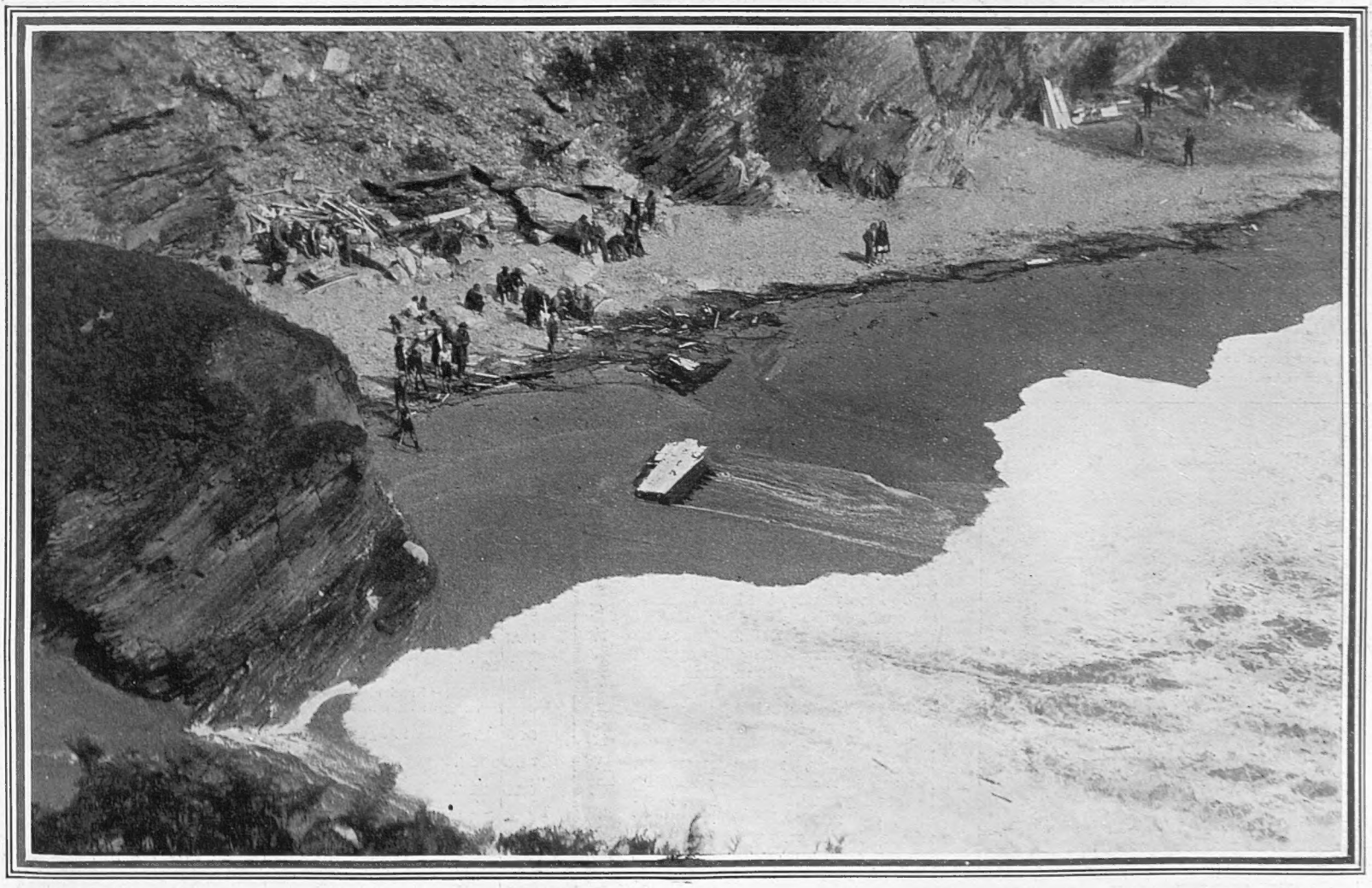
The SUMMER WINDS DO BLOW

The 40-day Curse of St. Swithin comes to its End in Raging Wind and Heavy Gales Along the English Coast





SHATTERED TO MATCHWOOD: So furious was the gale that swept the coast last week that a boat on the foreshore of Clacton-on-Sea was splintered by the waves. A large crowd of holiday-makers watched the dolorous process



Above: AWAITING THE CHANNEL'S PLEASURE: Miss Agnes Nicks, the young London typist who is training at Brighton for an attempt to swim the Channel. Miss Nicks, who holds the fresh-water record, is seen above with her trainer regarding the forbidding outlook with sad eyes

RELICS OF A TRAGEDY: The shore near Fowey littered with the remains of the 22-ton yacht *Islander*, which was driven on the rocks of Lantivet Bay last week — a tragedy which occasioned the loss of six lives, including that of Commodore H. D. King, M.P., the host of the party

"NORTH o' The TWEED"

"Loveliest of her fated race,
Gentle in peace, brave in war,
Dowered free with wit and grace—
But shadowed by an evil star"
Mary Stuart: Born Linlithgow, 1542

"A shifty mother's shiftless son . . .
Learned in all things, wise in none . . .
He was the author of his line,
He wrote that witches should be burnt,
He wrote that monarchs were divine,
And left a son to prove they weren't"
James I: Born Edinburgh Castle, 1566

"Curled of hair, pale of face,
Ribboned with the Garter;
Prototype of regal grace,
Robed in velvet, cloaked in lace,
Greatest of thy fated race,
Charles, King, Saint and Martyr"
Charles I: Born at Dunfermline, 1600

Drawn by F. MATANIA

THE HAPPY HOUSE WHICH GIVES TO BRITAIN A NEW PRINCESS AND TO SCOTLAND THE FIRST ROYAL BABY BORN NORTH OF THE TWEED FOR THREE CENTURIES: A scene in Glamis Castle wherein the Duke of York is shown round the historic pile by the then Lady Elizabeth Bowes Lyon

THE PRESENTATION TO WALES OF A PRINCE WHO HAD SPOKEN NO WORD OF ENGLISH: Edward I inaugurates the Heir Apparent's title

The beacon flared on the Scottish hills—a beacon as bright as those which ringed the coast when the Armada menaced our shores—to tell the world that, after 300 years a princess of the blood Royal had been born north of the Tweed.

Not since the sad, dark Stuart eyes of the "Saint and Martyr" opened in 1600 has a possible heir to the throne first seen the light on the Scottish hills. And in this newborn offspring of the Duke of York, as in the case of her elder sister, Princess Elizabeth, the two royal lines of post-Reformation Britain, Stuart and Windsor, are united.

Back in the fourteenth century, the line of the great Bruce failed of male issue, and the Princess Margery came to the throne, the wife of the Lord High Steward: a curious parallel with a land ever closely knit to Scotland, France, whose throne also devolved from the *de jure* upon the *de facto* rulers, the great servants of the State. This Steward took with the throne the name of Stewart, later corrupted to Stuart, and he it was, with the blood of the Bruce coursing through his wife's veins, who inaugurated a line destined to be ill-fated south of the border.

In regular descent the line continued until the fifth James, and he it was who, sorely beset after his defeat at Solway in 1542, enunciated the classic tag of his House. News that his only child was a daughter came to him but a week before his death: "*It cam' wi' a lass; it'll gang wi' a lass*," said he of his dynasty, the lasses being, of course, the daughter of the Bruce and the new born infant who was but then opening the eyes of Mary Queen of Scots in Linlithgow Castle.

That birth was closely and attentively watched on behalf of the first Defender of the Faith by Sir Ralph Sadleir, whose comments thereon prove fascinating reading to this day. The Stuart line, however, did not end with the lady whose head was laid with so high a courage on the block at Fotheringay; for it was a Stuart, inheriting through the distaff side and in defiance of *La Loi Salique*, who united the saltire of St. Andrew with the gules cross of St. George.

The descent of the houses of Guelph and Windsor through Elizabeth (daughter of James VI and I) who married Bohemian Frederick, and their daughter, Sophia, who married Ernest Augustus, father of George I, is too well known to bear extensive recapitulation; but it is not so well and widely known that the Duchess of York derives her descent not from Robert III, son of the Lord High Steward, who turned King at last, but from his sister Jean. She married Sir John Lyon, grandfather of the first Lord of Glamis, succeeded after seven generations by Patrick, first Earl of Kinghorne, and, after two more, by another Patrick, first Earl of Strathmore.

So the little Princess, who is "doing fine," in the old Scots phrase happily used by the physicians who were privileged to usher her into her doubly native air, is come into the world as one whom Legitimist and Loyalist aspirations may legitimately and loyally regard as their ideal. And, born north of the border river, the little Princess inevitably commands an affection from her country-folk yielded to none since the day of Mary o' Scots, the wisest fool in Christendom, and that noble pedant who yet even in the modern hurly-burly of democracy stands out pre-eminent as the last supreme Royalist that ever sat upon the English throne.

G. H. W. R.

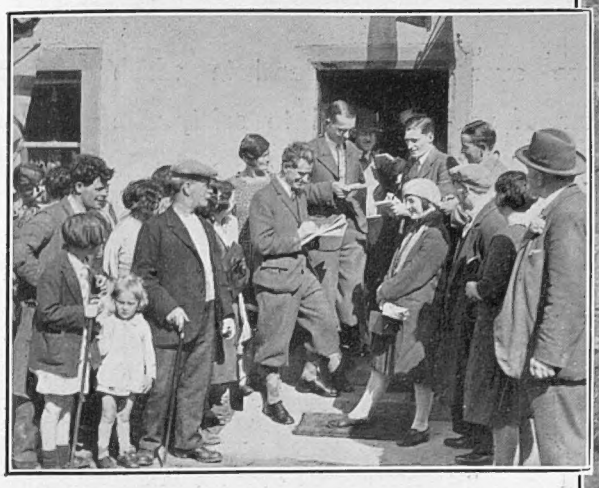
THE JOINT DESCENT OF THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM FROM ROBERT II. OF SCOTLAND

Robert II. of Scotland (1370-1390)

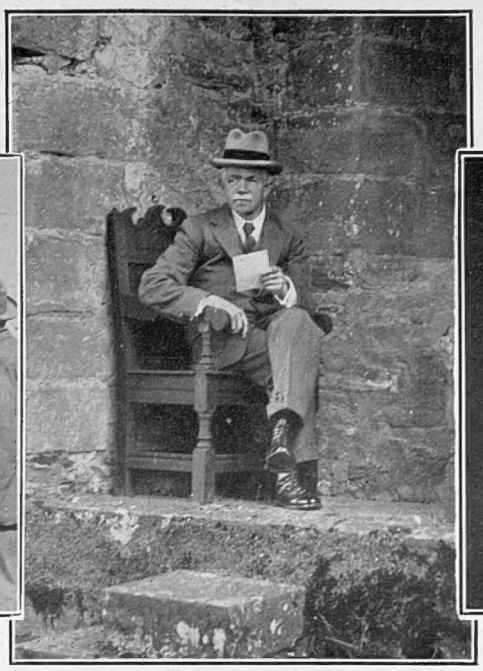
ROBERT III.	JEAN = Sir John Lyon
JAMES I. of Scotland	SIR JOHN LYON of Glamis
JAMES II.	PATRICK LYON, 1st Lord Glamis
JAMES III.	JOHN, 3rd Lord
JAMES IV.	JOHN, 4th Lord
JAMES V.	JOHN, 6th Lord
MARY (Queen of Scots)	JOHN, 7th Lord
JAMES VI.	JOHN, 8th Lord
ELIZABETH = Frederick, King of Bohemia	PATRICK, 1st Earl of Kinghorne
	JOHN, 2nd Earl
SOPHIA = Ernest Augustus	PATRICK, 3rd Earl of Strathmore and Kinghorne
GEORGE I.	JOHN, 4th Earl
GEORGE II.	JAMES, 8th Earl
GEORGE III.	JOHN, 9th Earl = Mary Bowes (Heiress of George Bowes)—1767
VICTORIA	THOMAS, 11th Earl
EDWARD VII.	CLAUDE, 13th Earl (created Lord Bowes in U.K.)
GEORGE V.	CLAUDE GEORGE (present Earl)
ALBERT (Duke of York)	ELIZABETH

THE NEW ROYAL PRINCESS OF YORK

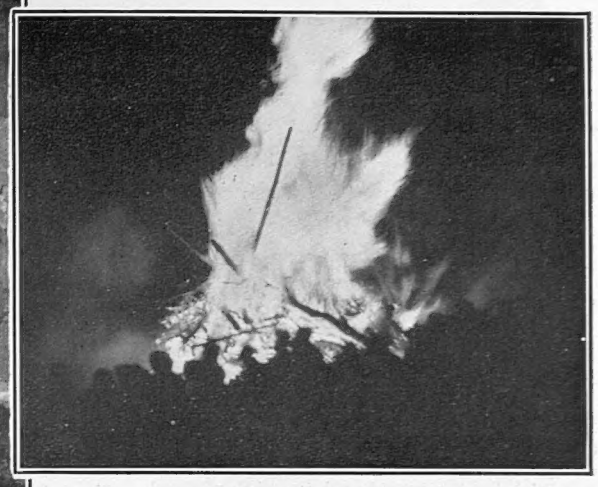
The Congratulatory Scenes Attendant on the Birth at 9–9.30 on August 21



"DOING FINE": The villagers outside Glamis post office listen to the reading of the bulletin which stated that both the Duchess and the yet unnamed Princess were making satisfactory progress



WAITING NO LONGER: Mr. J. R. Clynes, who stayed at Airlie Castle in conformity with the rule that the Home Secretary must be present when a potential heir is born



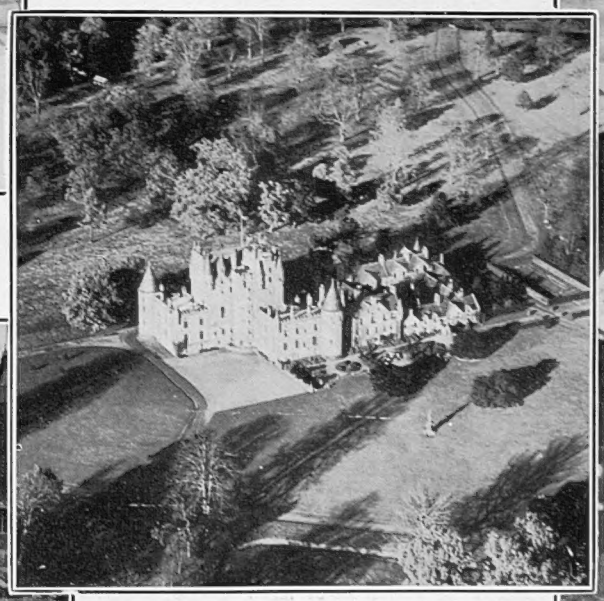
BLAZING THE GLAD TIDINGS: The beacon on the Fiery Pans, Hunter's Hill, which was kindled by the remains of the same torches which lit the congratulatory bonfire ignited to celebrate "Leddy Elizabeth's" wedding

LONDONER'S TRIBUTE: Mr. T. Ren, a pavement artist, reaped a golden harvest by his crayon of the Duchess of York and the Princess Elizabeth

THE FATHER AND MOTHER: The Duke and Duchess of York, both of whom own proudly a common ancestor in Robert the Bruce. T.R.H. are seen above during a visit to Stirling

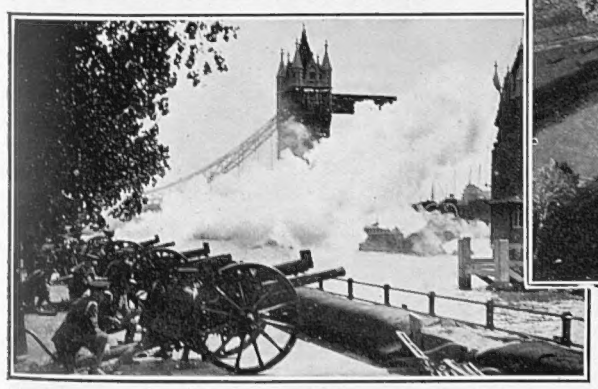
THE GRANDMOTHER: The Queen, who is now in residence at Balmoral, where the Duke of York visited his parents last week to discuss the naming of his new daughter

BORN ON THE SAME DAY: Six babies born in Queen Charlotte's who will share a birthday with the princess. One was born at the same moment as H.R.H.



THE HOUSE OF REJOICING: An overhead view of Glamis Castle, the seat of royalty in Scotland since the eleventh century. The Castle has for many years been a synonym for "curses" and "ghosts," but to-day it is a symbol of national rejoicing

THE ROYAL NURSE: Mrs. Knight with Princess Elizabeth, her present charge. It is confidently rumoured that the devoted royal "Nannie" will be appointed nurse to the new baby, so successful has she been with the fourth lady in the land



THE CONGRATULATORY VOICE OF THE GUNS: A salute of forty-one guns was fired at the Tower to celebrate the birth of the princess—a salute duplicated in Hyde Park

THE WATERS OF THE FLOOD Were Upon the Earth

And it came to pass after the seven days, that the waters of the flood were upon the earth . . . And the rain was upon the earth forty days and forty nights . . . and the Lord shut him in . . . and the waters increased, and bare up the ark, and it was lift up above the earth . . . all in whose nostrils was the breath of the spirit of life, of all that was in the dry land, died. And every living thing was destroyed which was upon the face of the ground, both man, and cattle, and creeping thing, and fowl of the heaven: and they were destroyed from the earth: and Noah only was left, and they that were with him in the ark . . . and the rain from heaven was restrained: and the waters returned from off the earth continually: . . .—*The Biblical Narrative of the Flood.*

Was there ever a great flood in which the owner of an ark floated to safety with his family and animals? ***Yes, says Archaeology. There was a great flood in Mesopotamia 6,000 years ago***

There is probably no story better known than that of Noah and his ark and of the great flood which floated him and his family and his animal fellow-travellers to Mount Ararat. Nearly every child in Christendom has possessed a model ark with its lift-up lid and its high-pitched bow and stern. But what relation had Mr. and Mrs. Noah to actual fact? Was the biblical narrative literally true? Did the Lord God send such a mighty flood that the whole surface of the globe was submerged?

Critical opinion has answered this interesting question in several ways. It has at one time regarded the whole story as symbolic, or as merely one variation of a widespread myth which could be found in almost every country of the world. At the middle of the last century, however, the question took on an altogether more precise form with the discovery by Layard in the mound of Kouyunjik in Mesopotamia, on the site of ancient Nineveh, of a mass of baked clay tablets, remains of a shattered royal library. These were in due time examined by assembled Assyriologists at the British Museum, but it remained for the copyist, George Smith, to make the epoch-making discovery of a direct reference to a great flood which floated a ship which "rested upon the mountain of Nisir." This epic of Gilgamesh was soon supplemented by various other tablets from Nippur and by the discovery of what is now known as the Weld-Blundell prism with its list of kings who ruled before "the deluge came up." Some of those monarchs are stated to have lived for some 20,000 years—others for still longer stretches of time.

These references to a great deluge are in general agreement with the simple, straightforward narrative of the Bible, but they are associated with other somewhat dubious matter—the ultra-Methuselah kings for instance, so that further confirmation was to be welcomed by students of this fascinating problem. It came suddenly and not undramatically a few months ago, during the excavation of two separate historic sites in Mesopotamia. The nature of this evidence is excellently put by Mr. Harold Peake, from whose newly-published volume, *The Flood*, published by Kegan Paul, we reproduce the two diagrams given here.

"It was on March 16, 1929," writes Mr. Peake, "that a communication appeared in *The Times* from Woolley, announcing a remarkable discovery. He pointed out that the shafts of the graves, containing the royal tombs with their attendant dead, had been 'dug down into soil entirely composed of house refuse, decayed brick, wood-ash, broken pottery, and such-like,' and that this accumulation of rubbish was 'divided into very clearly marked strata of different colours.' 'Near the surface,' he continued, 'these strata slope gently down from north-west to south-east, but the deeper one digs and the more one digs towards the north-west the more pronounced is the slope, until the bands of red and grey and black run at an angle of nearly 45 deg.' At the south-eastern end, however, of the excavation the strata were found suddenly to flatten out to a horizontal position, and the remains were found lying flat at the bottom of smooth water-laid mud."

It is this stratum which appears on the right-hand design given on this page, against the words "flood deposit" in the left-hand column. This mud is not in the least disturbed, and it was all laid down by one great mass of water, and beneath it are still further evidences of a people using beautifully decorated pottery.

"Scarcely had the announcement been made that direct evidence of The Flood had been obtained at Ur, when news came that this discovery had already been made on the site of Kish. Two days later, on March 18, in a communication to *The Times*, Professor Langdon made known that the excavators at Kish had found evidence

"O reed hut, reed hut, O wall, wall, O reed hut hearken, O wall attend!" "O man of Shuruppak, son of Ubara-Tutu, pull down thy house, build a ship, forsake thy possessions, take heed for thy life!"
From the story of Gilgamesh

of The Flood in a layer which he was inclined to date at about 3400 B.C.; more than that they had found two thin deposits lying at a considerably greater depth, both of which seemed to have been laid down by floods, which he dated tentatively at 4000 and 4200 B.C." The deposits are not as thick as that at Ur and it has not up to the present proved an easy matter to make The Flood evidence from these two sites agree—but the situation is summed up in the following passages which are free from the technicalities of the question:

"According to Professor Sollas this layer contains the fossilized remains of river fish and a number of fresh-water shells, while Professor Langdon states that no human remains have been found in it, and that it stretches right across the City of Kish and out into the plain beyond. It is evidently the deposit left by a flood of some considerable dimensions, though, since this deposit was not found at Jemdet Nasr, seventeen miles to the north-east, but which lies about twenty-three feet higher, we must conclude that the inundation was confined to the flood-plain of the Euphrates and that at this point the water did not rise more than twenty feet above the then level of Kish. This deposit was clearly laid down by a flood which took place some centuries before 3200 B.C.—about 3400 B.C.—according to Langdon, or a century or two later according to Watelin, but whether this layer was left by the waters of the Great Flood remains for the moment uncertain."

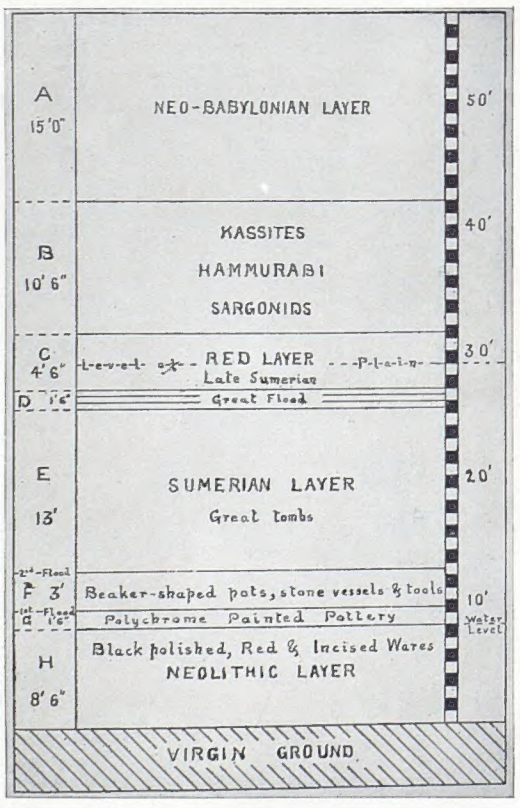
"Then came The Flood, about 4,250 or 4,200 B.C. This destroyed the villages and reed huts of the earlier people and drowned all their inhabitants except the headman of the village of Shuruppak and his family. This man, Xisuthros, Uta-Napishtim or Noah, had been warned, so Woolley thinks, by a friendly Sumerian, and had built a boat in which he and his companions escaped the ruin that befell all their kindred.

"The whole valley was now free for the Sumerians, who had escaped destruction by taking refuge in their elevated cities, protected as they were by brick walls. These people soon took possession of the whole land, and it was some of them, we may suspect, who drove away the people of Jemdet Nasr, whose dwellings had been above the level of the waters, and burned their village.

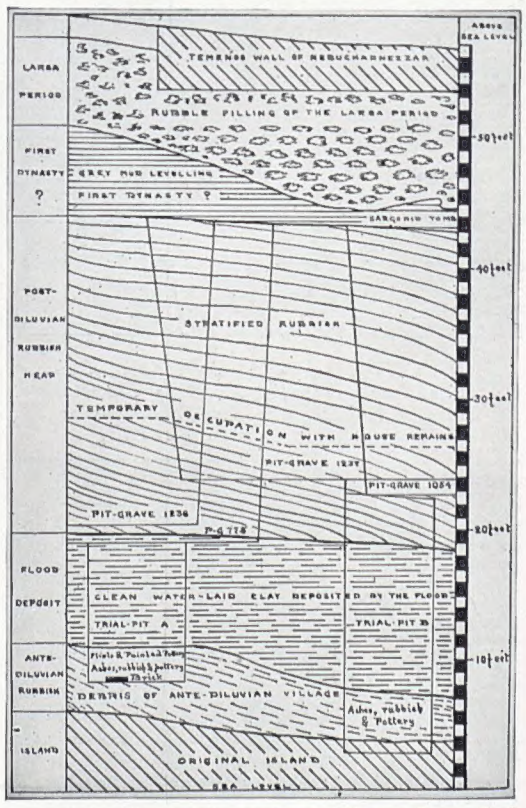
"After The Flood came the First Dynasty of Kish, during whose rule layer F, with the beaker-shaped pots, was laid down. The kings of this dynasty seem for the most part not to have been Sumerians, but whence they came is uncertain. During their rule there were Sumerians at Ur, who threw their refuse over the city wall and began that pile of rubbish that Woolley has found there."

"Early in May, 1929, the Tigris rose abnormally, and made many breaches in its banks; this had happened before during the winter of 1925–6. In May, 1929, it was followed, at an interval of less than a fortnight, by an unusual rise in the Euphrates, and by May 19 the plain of Mesopotamia was a vast inland sea, extending to the horizon as far as the eye could see from east to west. Out of this the railway line, which is slightly raised above the level of the desert, stood up in bold relief. It is clear from this that floods of considerable magnitude are no uncommon features in the land between the rivers.

"It is not, therefore, surprising that there should have been a flood about 4200 B.C., and that this should have wiped out a population living in reed huts by the river's margin," and here it is that Mr. Peake brings out a very material point in The Flood evidence at the moment. "What is really surprising is that these people had been living unscathed on such sites at Kish, at any rate for a period of eight hundred years. During the following seven centuries, from 4200 to 3500 B.C. or later, there occurred at least three floods that have left behind them traces at Kish, and there may have been others of less extent. If in later times there were fewer, it was probably because the Sumerians had embanked the river sides to restrain their waters. How are we to account for the absence of disastrous inundations between 5000 and 4200 B.C.? The only explanation that I can offer is that the Armenian snow that caused these floods was at that time less in extent, and that between 4200 and 3500 B.C. this increased in amount. This is a possible solution."



FLOOD EVIDENCE AT KISH: Mud deposits left at Kish (between the rivers Euphrates and Tigris) by floods at three different periods. The first and second are narrow deposits. The third was evidently a much bigger inundation



Diagrams by courtesy of Messrs. Kegan Paul

FLOOD EVIDENCE AT UR: Solid mud deposit at Ur of the Chaldees, much thicker than the deposits at Kish. Underneath are evidences of a pre-flood culture. Ur is right at the mouth of the great rivers

A PRINCESS of UR :

A remarkable reconstruction now on view at the British Museum

The golden ornaments have been placed upon a head reconstructed from a skull of the period. The leaves are beautifully modelled in pure gold. Her boxes of paints were found with her ornaments. One still contains the green paint which is here shown applied close round the eyes. The headdress differs materially from that of the princess shown last year

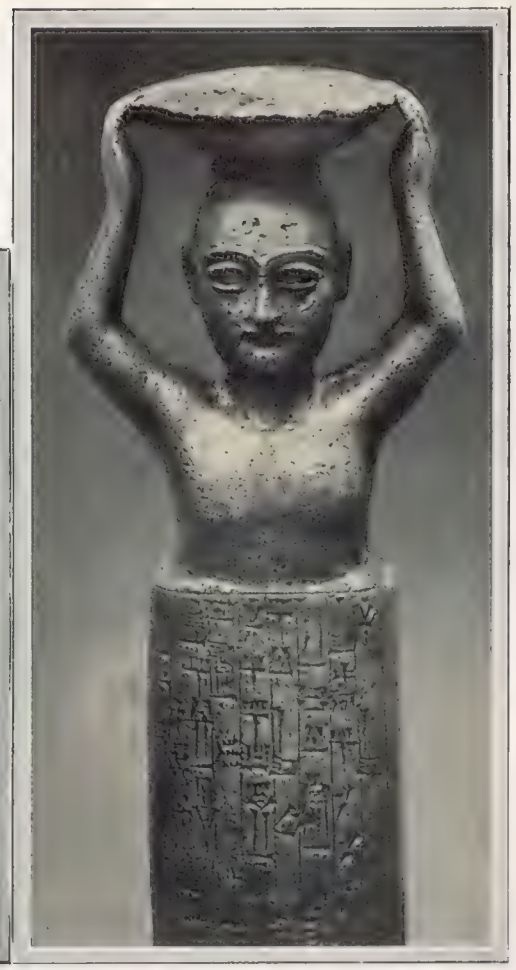
As interesting from the scientific point of view as last year's was from the artistic is the recently opened Exhibition, at the British Museum, of the result of the eighth season's work of the Joint Expedition of the Museum and of the Museum of the University of Pennsylvania at Ur of the Chaldees, or Abraham's City as it has been picturesquely called. Already it has attracted a large number of visitors, and will undoubtedly attract considerably more from the great intelligent public as the human interest in the treasures is made more widely known by word of mouth. The Exhibition illustrates in various ways the life of Ur from the sixth century B.C. to a period still undated, but called picturesquely the Period of the Flood. The plan of Ur, as revealed by the explorers, shows that in the time of Abraham, about 2000 B.C., the circuit of the walls was nearly 2¾ miles. Its defences consisted chiefly of a solidly built mud-brick rampart about 26 ft. high and from 50 ft. to 90 ft. wide. On its top was a wall of burnt brick, in many places with houses and public buildings linked up and so forming a continuous system of fortifications. This great rampart also acted as a retaining wall for the high terrace on which the whole interior of the city was built, and it was also the revetment of a canal. While the ruins now rise from a perfectly dry and barren desert, in Abraham's day they were a city of waters with the Euphrates running to the west, with canals at the foot of the walls on the east and north sides, and with a branch canal through the town, dividing it into two main parts, so that it has been described picturesquely, but not inaptly, as the Venice of Mesopotamia. It must have been a port of importance, for a cuneiform tablet has been discovered of the bill of lading of a vessel which arrived from the Persian Gulf and landed its cargo on one of the quays of Ur. Among the other notable discoveries of the season were two temples built by Nebuchadnezzar, the larger in a remarkable state of preservation, its walls standing to a height of 20 ft., and on them were some of the mud plaster and whitewash with which they were finished, while in the antechamber was a square pillar of burnt bricks to support the roof, a fact of considerable interest, as pillars were not commonly used by the Babylonians. A further discovery of first class importance in the history of architecture was made in another temple. This was found under the other temple built by Nebuchadnezzar

(*Continued on following page*)

ABRAHAM'S CITY

in the Time of the Flood

Strange discoveries at Ur of the Chaldees during the Past Season



COPPER FIGURE OF RIM-SIN, KING OF LARSA, bearing on his head the basket of mortar for laying the first brick of the Temple of En-Ki, or Ea the Water God, at Ur. At his feet was found a brick-shaped stone tablet bearing the dedication. The date of the building is fixed by the inscription to the exact year, for it took place in the ninth year of his reign, 1990 B.C.

on the south wall of the city. Beneath this were found the remains of five other temples superimposed on each other. They were of different dates, the fifth, and therefore the lowest, being almost certainly of the time of the Third Dynasty. In it was the lower part of a column built of segmentally moulded bricks around a central core formed of a circular brick. To the untutored, it would pass as an object of little importance; yet this column shows that the prejudice existing in the minds of archæologists that the column was unknown in Mesopotamia is no longer any more tenable than is the belief that any building with columns must be assigned to the classical period. As the date of this column is about 2300 B.C., it "furnishes definite proof," as Dr. C. Leonard Woolley, the Director of the Joint Expedition has written, "that the Sumerian builders at Ur did employ the column in the great age of Sumerian architecture as they certainly

(Continued on a later page)

REMARKABLE CARVING OF A BOAR in steatite or grey soap-stone. It was found 28½ ft. below the surface. It dates back to about 3200 B.C., and is the oldest example of stone sculpture to which an approximate date could be assigned. The deep grooves in the sides of the animal in front of the hind legs prove that it was gripped by something from below, while a socket at the back shows that it was not an independent work of art but a piece of decorative furnishing. The upward thrust of the tusks has been most realistically suggested by this unknown sculptor

COPPER STATUE OF STAG found in the Great Death Pit. It dates back to between 3500-3200 B.C. When found it was in such poor condition that it seemed scarcely worth removing, if not indeed impossible to do so. Originally it was a group of two stags side by side but they were so flattened and driven into one another that they could not be separated. Of one body only a few pieces of decayed copper remained, but the second was fairly complete, while the heads were oxidized together and could not be separated, so that they are now attached to the one body

Above—LADIES OR DEMONS OF THE REMOTE DAYS OF UR: Clay figurines of the time of the Flood found in the lowest, and therefore oldest, of the graves excavated. All the figures are female and semi-nude, and either hold an infant being suckled or with the hands on the hips. On the shoulders are marks, painted or in relief, which may represent tattooing or tribal scars. The skulls are strangely elongated, with wigs of bitumen. In contrast with the well-modelled bodies, the heads, so unlike the heads of women, appear strangely non-human. Indeed they might be described as inhuman for which reason it has been assumed they represent some goddess or demon and may therefore have a religious connection

To be Free of India?

BURMA — Historic, Economic, Psychological

By RONALD SINCLAIR, F.R.G.S.

A LADY OF A WEALTHY LAND: A typical upper-class Burmese—intelligent, a woman of taste and ability

To the casual reader who has never been East of Suez, Burma is a country of rice fields, pagodas, and picturesque little people, situated in rather an out-of-the-way corner of Asia, somewhere on the half-way line in China. For some years past it has been well-behaved, as countries go these days, and has refrained from contributing to the general turmoil of things Asiatic by voicing with undue noisiness its own particular problems and pretensions.

Recently, however, events have occurred which have brought Burma somewhat prominently into the public eye. An earthquake lately devastated the picturesque old town of Pegu with its famous temple and sacred Buddhist relics, and gave Rangoon itself a severe shaking, while, as if this were not enough, the general tranquillity of the country has since been violently disturbed by serious clashes, not unattended by bloodshed, between the Burmese and Indian elements.

To a great extent these disturbances have been accentuated by the general unrest in India, which could not but have a certain repercussion upon a country so closely connected to it as Burma, and in many cases the troubles were doubtless largely due to the behaviour of the local Indians themselves. The friction between Burmese and Indians has long since existed, and during the last few years has been steadily becoming more acute.

Its causes are both political and economic, but they are based on the main facts of the incompatibility of temperament and the difference in the standards of living of the two races.

Politically Burma has moved very rapidly in an incredibly short time. Like her big neighbour, China, she has virtually jumped historically from the sixteenth to the twentieth century. To-day as one travels in a comfortable railway carriage from Rangoon to Mandalay, or wanders by car through the Shan States, or by river steamer to Bhamo and beyond, it is hard to believe that only half-a-century separates the present regime with its advantages of modern civilization from a state of medieval Asiatic barbarity. For it was only in 1878 that King Mindon Min died, and brought to an end an era splendid for its day, but completely remote in character from our own.

For an Asiatic despot, Mindon Min had been a ruler of outstanding merit, and ranked easily among the best kings that Burma had ever had. His accession to the throne had followed the forcible expulsion of his predecessor, Pagan Min, whose maladministration had not only involved the country in a disastrous war with Great Britain, but had reduced it to chaos and bankruptcy.

With Pagan Min out of the way and Mindon Min at the head of affairs, the country speedily began to mend again. A peace was signed with Britain which let Burma off with as little dishonour as possible, and the new ruler set himself actively to the task of putting the country's internal economy in order. In this, Mandon Min soon proved himself to be a most enlightened ruler. Recognizing the superiority of Western culture, he introduced posts, telegraphs, and hospitals and took active measures to restore the depleted revenues. In a comparatively short time the country began to settle down and enjoy some measure of prosperity. Then occurred the unfortunate death of the heir apparent, who was killed in a local rising, and the seed of future trouble was sown. There followed a series of palace intrigues among the numerous relatives of the king which continued until his death in 1878.

No sooner had the old king passed away than a *coup d'etat* placed Thebaw, one of the minor princes, on the throne. His accession was the signal for a demonstration of true Asiatic barbarity, when the whole of the late king's family were suddenly arrested, paraded in front of the royal palace at Mandalay, and there butchered in cold blood to the last man and child. The victims were forthwith flung into a hastily-dug trench, the dying with the dead, the soil heaped over them and the grave flattened down by elephants. The whole of Burma was horror-stricken at the tragedy, and though it is generally considered improbable that Thebaw himself had instigated or even willingly condoned the massacre, the responsibility for it must obviously rest at his door.

From then onwards his influence among the people began to wane, and in the hopes, perhaps, of distracting attention from the crime, he embarked on a life of reckless luxury which soon destroyed all the good effects of the beneficent rule of Mindon Min.

Things rapidly went from bad to worse. While the contents of the treasury were squandered in embellishing the royal palace and pleasure-grounds at Mandalay, the revenue declined, and the administration throughout the country began to go to pieces. While Thebaw and his proud little Queen Supaya Lat revelled in their extravagances at the capital, the rest of the country was completely bankrupt. The king did not know where to turn for money. In the blindness born of desperation he then ventured on an action which was to prove his final undoing. He inflicted a crushing fine on the Bombay-Burma Trading Company, which represented the main British commercial stake in the country. This high-handed action was only one of a long series of acts of provocation directed against British interests in Burma, but it proved to be the culminating factor, and it led with drastic promptness to the third and last Burma War. Mandalay was soon occupied by the British forces, and King Thebaw was sent down a prisoner to Rangoon. He was subsequently deported to India, and remained there in exile until his death in 1916.

With the disappearance of Thebaw from the Burmese stage, the country made its phenomenal jump from the sixteenth to the twentieth century. To-day, all that remains of the splendour that was once Thebaw's is the royal palace at Mandalay, an elaborate building constructed entirely of wood, with striking and intricate carving, somewhat in the Chinese fashion. Gold and silver doorways testify to the luxurious tastes of the last of the kings of Burma, but its pillared halls and gabled porches are now empty and deserted, and serve merely as mute records of an age that is gone, of the Burma of yesterday.

With the annexation of Burma by Great Britain, and its inclusion in the Indian Empire, the country rapidly moved ahead, until to-day, viewed in comparison with the number of its population, it is potentially if not actually, one of the wealthiest countries in the world, while Rangoon is the third port in British India.

The chief article of export is, of course, rice, and no better indication of the rapid development of the country could be given than the fact that sixty years ago the total area under rice in Burma was only a few thousand acres, while to-day it is twelve-and-a-half million acres, yielding nearly five million tons of rice yearly, the great bulk of which is exported to India and foreign markets.

Yet it must not be thought that rice is the only important staple product, or indeed that the whole of Burma is rice-producing. Quite apart from the mountainous and forest-covered areas there is in the middle of the country a "dry zone," or arid belt, in which the annual rainfall is small and precarious. It is not sufficient to grow rice without irrigation, but it is adequate for such indigenous crops as maize, millet, sesamum, and cotton. To these must also be added ground-nuts. These were introduced from India some thirty years ago, and there are to-day over half-a-million acres of them under cultivation.

The forests of Burma with their inexhaustible supplies of teak are world famous, but besides teak there are numerous other hard woods, the sources of which have up to the present scarcely been tapped.

Add to all this the great mineral wealth of Burma, and some appreciation can be formed of her immense future possibilities.

Naturally a country with such great assets must inevitably have her own particular problems, and Burma is no exception to the rule. One of the direct results of the rapid progress and commercial development of the past few years, together with the fact of Burma's close political connection with India, has been the influx of large numbers of Indian traders, labourers, and officials. Of these the largest numbers by far are the coolies. It requires a large labour force to plough, to plant out, and to reap 13,000,000 acres of rice fields. The man power required would be far beyond the resources of the indigenous inhabitants, who themselves only number some 12,000,000, and the rice cultivation alone therefore provides employment for a vast array of labourers who are mainly recruited from India.

Of recent years the number of Indian traders and commercial elements has also increased very considerably. With their extremely low standard of living, the Indian immigrants have not failed to prosper at the expense of the lazy and more easy-going Burman. The latter is one of Nature's gentlemen. He has an inborn dislike for work and much prefers to see it done by someone else. Furthermore his standard of living is higher than that of the Indian.

Twenty years ago there were comparatively few Indian shopkeepers in the interior of Burma. To-day there are almost more Indians than Burmese. The Burman is being steadily ousted from business, and his feelings for his Indian neighbour have not improved accordingly.

Nor is it merely a question of trade, for all the public services, such as the railways, the river flotilla, posts, telegraphs, etc., are almost exclusively worked by Indian, or Anglo-Indian, officials and labour.

While all this is undoubtedly very aggravating to the Burman, he has very largely only himself to blame, for if he himself is too lazy or too proud to work, it is only natural that others should be found to take his place.

Another complaint of the Burmese and one in which they certainly appear to be fully justified, is that Burma has to pay a very heavy annual contribution to the Government of India. The unfairness lies in the fact that the money thus contributed is pooled in the coffers of the Government at Delhi, and is in no ways reserved for expenditure in connection with Burma, although the latter country is sadly in need of more roads and other internal development.

As a result of the growing discontent the Burmese have latterly been pushing with greater insistence their claims for separation from India, and the recent attacks upon Indians in Rangoon have been outward and visible signs of a growing hostility which in itself is disquieting and cannot be ignored.

While the Government of India will never willingly give up Burma with its rich contribution to the Imperial revenues, it is nevertheless probable that under stress of the many problems now confronting them, they may be compelled to give way and to accord the younger country a free scope for the development of its great resources and the pursuit of its national aspirations.

ROBOTISATION

Mechanical Devices of the Modern World in Embryo and Actuality

ANTI-FOG: The large air beacon at the Municipal Air Port of Long Beach, California. This is a Neale Rainbow super-beacon. It generates 50,000 candle-power and is automatic in operation, going on and off at dusk and dawn. It flashes its location in Morse code to approaching airmen

Drawn by D. Macpherson

THE ROBOT ROBERT: An innovation, already adopted in America, which must inevitably make its appearance in England is the equipping of every P.C. with a pocket wireless set, such as that seen above. The aerial is sewn, in the manner of a "portable," into the back of the coat or tunic; the H.T. battery is carried in the hip-pocket, and the tuning apparatus is carried in a front pocket. Motor bandits and daylight smash-and-grab raiders, and the need for all ranks to keep constantly in touch with headquarters, render the Robot Robert essential

THE MAGIC TOUCH: A new safety door which has been devised will open only at the touch of a finger at a particular point. Additional safety is achieved by making the door responsive only to a particular touch. This device, which guarantees the exclusion of all who do not know both point and pressure, was invented by the G.E.C.

THE RADIUM SAFE: This important fitting of the North Middlesex Hospital, the huge establishment run by the Middlesex County Council and managed by Col. Spencer Mort, M.D., F.R.C.S., is one of the most important radium centres in the country. Owing to the peculiar properties of the precious curative, insulating lead must enclose it before it is put into steel

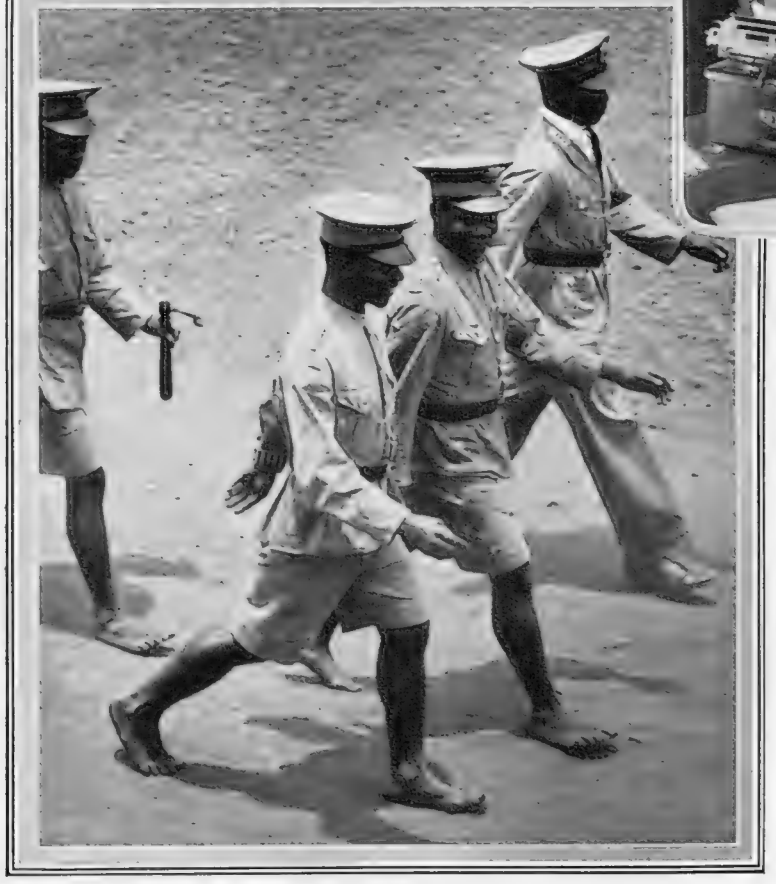
THE AUTOMATIC FIRE-STATION: Burton-on-Trent is a most go-ahead community. It is equipped with an automatic fire-station designed by the brigade itself. As soon as a call is received a button starts up the engine of the fire-tender fifty yards away, rings for the driver and men, and opens the doors of the station. As the vehicle leaves the station the self-starter cable is automatically pulled from its socket and left behind. This ingenious device is seen above in process of operation by a member of the brigade

WHERE the NEGRO RULES

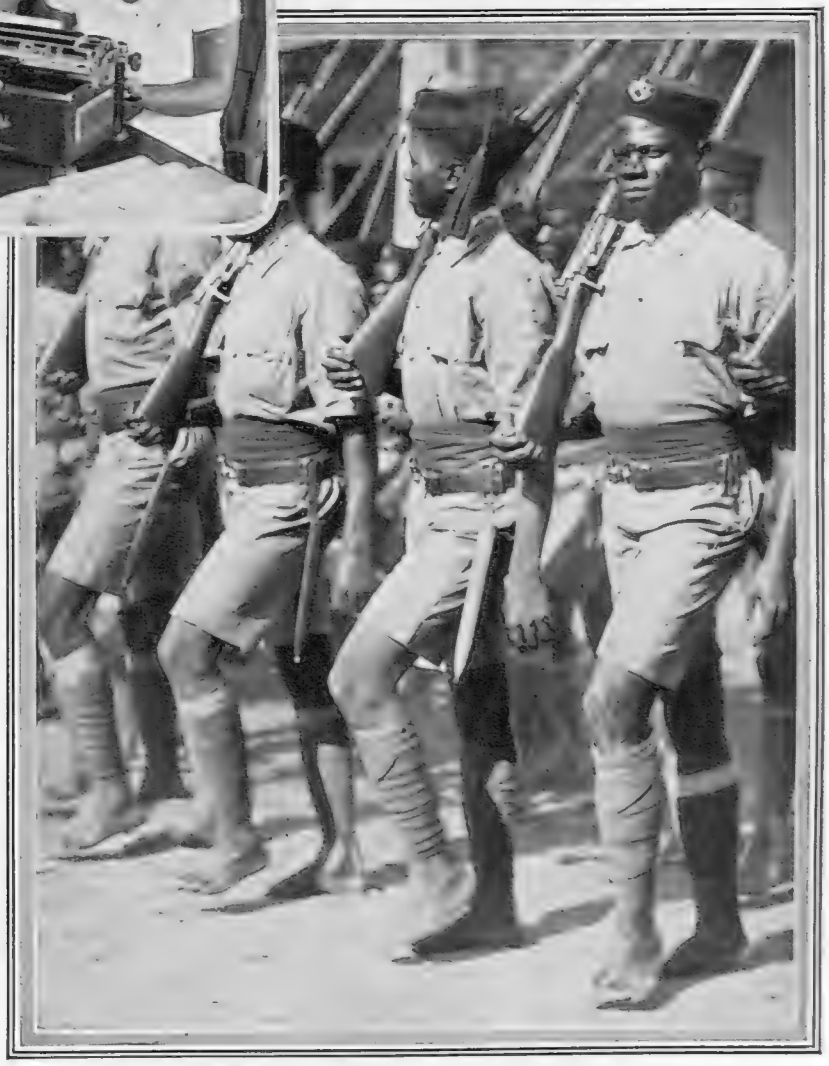
Liberia, the Civilized Black Republic, Abuts on the Black Heart of Darkest Africa, Recorded by MARTIN MUNKACSY

EUROPEANIZATION: The negro mechanics are skilful and the motor vehicle is no *rara avis*. Bare feet, however, are still *de rigueur* in Monrovia—a relic of a barbaric and recent past

A NEGRO CLERK: While but a few miles away are witch doctors and Leopard Societies, in Monrovia is all the paraphernalia of modern civilization. *Inset on left*—A NEGRO TYPIST: Yet another evidence of Monrovia's modernity. These Liberians are definitely "appearance-conscious"—for they always dress up to be photographed



THE POLICE: Three members of the constabulary and an officer, whose tunic and boots proclaim his rank



THE MILITARY: The smart negro soldiers of Liberia

Leaving sun-blistered Freetown, Sierra Leone, a day's steam down the West African Coast, brings one to Monrovia, the capital of Liberia. A hundred years ago it was a wild, savage coast; to-day descendants of African slaves who sought physical and spiritual freedom in their own home have firmly founded the one free civilized negro State. Hemmed in by Sierra Leone, French Guinea, and the French Ivory Coast, but with an outlet to the sea, Liberia has been independent since 1847, thanks mainly to British support; indeed so opportune and valuable was that support that there is still talk in Monrovia of erecting a monument to Midshipman Gordon, who landed, fought, and died with his men in defence of the early settlers. The first efforts to settle emancipated slaves from the United States of America, and descendants of slaves, came about thanks to some American philanthropists. Philanthropy was not sufficient, however. The freed slaves had a hard struggle to preserve themselves in the land of their fathers. On two or three occasions the aid of the British saved them when conflicts with savages threatened the very existence of the new settlements, and the civilized negroes won through. Liberia is established, and apart from colour there is little to distinguish its capital from a white man's town save for one or two—one might call them natural incongruities. There are in the modern schools of Monrovia several hundreds of negro scholars, and just outside in the small settlements and in the primitive forests thousands of children who are without schools or teachers of any kind; there are churches in which coloured parsons preach and coloured choir girls sing, and a well-appointed University with all the best media for study, and back of all, mysterious and secret Africa.

Monrovia has several churches, and the Reverend Mr. Gibson is the pastor of the largest and finest of them; an exceptional preacher and a gentle, well-contented man. Every week in Monrovia special municipal employees clean and polish the lanterns and globes of the street lamps. But the lamps are never lit; for some years now the electric power station has ceased to function and the capital's streets have ever since been shrouded in darkness after sunset—except when the moon shines—and as a result the traders in Monrovia drive an excellent business in electric pocket torches.

IN THE SOUTH ARABIAN DESERT country traversed by Mr. Bertram Thomas. In this district of Ghurdun there were low, slightly rounded hills; in the foreground to the left are some hard hay bushes. The men carry the ever-ready rifle

Mr. Bertram Thomas has held the position which he at present occupies, that of Financial Adviser to His Highness the Sultan of Muscat and Oman, for some five years. In this connection he is primarily responsible to His Highness for the maintenance of the minimum of governance essential for the well-being of Oman—on a strip of coast running from Musandam to Dhofar and beyond, and as far inland as human beings can penetrate. The journey here described lay in territory wholly within the dominions of H.H. the Sultan, under whose authority and ægis he travelled. It is not the first important voyage of discovery that Mr. Thomas has performed in Oman. In 1928 he made the journey by land from Sur to Dhofar, in circumstances of considerable danger and great difficulty. He arrived at Salalah on January 8, 1930. The following narrative is extracted from a lengthier narrative by Mr. Thomas

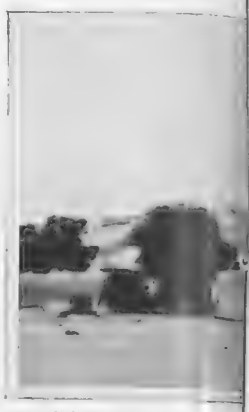
CAPTAIN BERTRAM S. THOMAS, O.B.E., who a few months ago made the adventurous journey into unknown Arabia described here. Mr. Thomas is financial adviser to the Sultan of Muscat

There is a considerable element of luck in the penetration of Arabia; even in the most favourable circumstances the would-be traveller in that unwelcoming land lives in a state of disturbing uncertainty up to the moment of starting his journey. At the outset the local tribal situation is a deciding, albeit an incalculable factor. Had my arrival coincided with tribal unrest in the Qara Mountains, the path would inevitably have been barred and all my carefully prepared plans frustrated. Escorting Badus and camels were immediately available, but baggage camels, none would risk them even for gold, and needs must they be impressed from that *déclassé* tribe of the mountains, the Shahara, and then only for fabulous hire. Here is another preliminary problem of desert exploration—the camel-owner will not risk other than the camel he rides to the unbeaten track, and the health of that one will, with him, outweigh every other consideration of the journey, so that if the traveller wishes to go far he had better be in a position to purchase the caravan at the outset; to promise adequate compensation for casualties is scarcely enough.

On January 11 I left Dhofar with nine baggage animals, my Secretary Ali Muhammad, and my servant, who had been with me on my journey in 1928. I had an escort of twenty-eight mounted Badus, the whole party thus consisting of thirty-one souls and forty camels. Three hours sufficed to cross the crescent plain of Dhofar—the Jurbayb—where at 300 ft. we turned into the Gurzāz, one of the few great wadis that give access to the Qara Mountains. The wadi, in contrast to the bare plain, immediately becomes thickly wooded. A tortuous path led up its gentle slope thick with overhanging foliage. The plashing of hidden streams which spring farther up in the wadi bed, added to the sylvan surroundings, are more typical of England than of Arabia, except that the vegetation is tropical and the birds strange. An hour and a quarter along this forest path brought us to an opening in the wadi bed where a large and fragrant pool nestled beneath a small beetling cliff from which giant creepers depended. Under the cliff was a small cavern whence issued the gushing lukewarm spring. Tiny fish abounded in the pool, which also attracted various dragonflies and butterflies.

On January 13, I started off for Aiyan, a well-known water-hole of the Bail Kathiri in the upper course of the Wadi Ghudun. "Within half-an-hour my aneroid started to fall, and then, turning out of the hills to the west, there spread out before and below us a vast panorama of red rolling country, its colour and treelessness in pointed contrast to that of the hills and their wooded meadow behind. In reality in its hidden and otherwise desolate wadi beds that were immediately before us flourishes the *mughur* or frankincense tree. Two ragged Kathiri tribesmen passed us with camels laden with the fragrant gum bound for a coastal port. My dismounted Badus exchanged customary nose kisses with their kinsmen but the latter saluted my Daru' Badus, as befits the stranger, with outstretched arm and a smart tap of the finger-tips only. This point marks the northward limit of the settled tribes of the mountains, namely, the Qara, Al Kathir, and Shahara; it also marks a geological division. Before us was a great uninhabited wilderness of sandstone steppe sloping down a six-days' march to the sands. A region of great aridity; only the occasional wadi bed constitutes an artery of scant vegetation and hence a pathway to penetration. I had great trouble to prevent my Badus from halting for the day over the water. The aneroid fell to 2,500 feet, as our way onward led at first through tiny shallow, winding upper courses of Wadi Haluf, a large tributary of Ghudun and utterly desolate but for occasional frankincense. Thence across a flat red plain in a north-westerly direction, moving down into more broken country where suddenly a deep gorge opened out some two hundred feet beneath us. This was another affluent of Wadi Haluf—Wadi Dhahair, where our objective was the water-hole of Shuwayrimah. Six distant grazing camels denoted man's presence. A figure of a man was seen leaping to a rock and my companions expected him to open defensive rifle fire. From our side a waved *musur* and shouted reassurances led to his emergence, and we descended steeply into the great white pebbly floor beneath. Our fugitive turned out to be a Mahri tribesman whose wife and two emaciated children occupied a neighbouring cave—the last human life we were to meet till our return to these latitudes a month later.

The frankincense country was now behind us. That this is the famous frankincense region, par excellence, of ancient Arabia there can be little doubt. If the Hadhramaut and Yemen possessed orchards they have long since dwindled to proportions so incomparably poorer than those of the Dhofar hinterland as to have allowed their memory to fade from the tribal mind. . . .



A RISING MASS OF vegetation here. The

I endeavoured to arrange an early start, but failure awaited me. My suggestion elicited applause from my Badus, who, however, in reality meant nothing of the kind. Their love of dallying over a water-hole, especially if the next one be remote—and Shisur was six days ahead—was an incurable condition of mind to which I was resign myself to in the coming weeks. Hours were spent filling up their skins and watering their camels, and it was not before 10.5 that we made a start. The rough going of our pebbly wadi bed was enclosed on both sides by lofty red slopes which, shrinking as we proceeded on our northerly course, had dwindled to forty or fifty feet in six miles. Here Wadi Dhahair turned eastwards to join Wadi Haluf of spacious dimensions, and now conspicuous by a glistening white pagoda-like hillock in its mid-course, Al Burj by name. The Haluf, bordered here by characteristic light-coloured hills of pyramidal and conical shapes, now became winding, and in order to shorten distances we cut across the plain (Sih). . . .

We soon started a posse of gazelle, and throughout the day gazelle tracks in the sand were numerous. There were those of the wolf and hyena too, and more ominous, the tracks of a *gom*—enemy raiders, fortunately old ones. We were now passing from the region of the hills "from whence cometh help" to the remoter plain, exposed to the assaults of raiding parties. For this reason, and the knowledge that vegetation would grow sparser in the six waterless days ahead, we must be more and more on the *qui vive*, and keep the caravan as close together as possible.

We shot our first antelope the next morning at the junction of Wadi Ghara with Ghudun, a full-sized cow. While I was zealous for her skin, the Badus were scarcely less solicitous for the paunch, the gastric juices of which they carefully drained and drank with great relish. The solid contents were then administered in handfuls to their bellowing, protesting camels. The benefit to the respective insides of man and mount is said to be equalled by nothing else in the desert. These are but two of the seven virtues the Badus ascribe to the antelope. Its flesh they rate higher than that of any other beast.

Sunday, January 19, was a fateful day. We had arrived to within a day's march of the great sands that lay to the north, but my escort had made it clear to me coming along that they were against any foolhardy enterprises into the sands, and now openly avowed that Shisur was the limit alike imposed by their undertakings and justified by prudence. A section of them were prepared to take a four-days' water supply at Shisur and make a gentle sortie with me into the sands in the same longitude and so back again. More, they asserted, was impossible. I had cherished a plan of reaching the central sands of Ramlat Hibak, reported to be ten days'

FIVE BLACK-HAIRED BAIL KATHIRIS who formed part of Mr. Thomas's party into unknown Arabia. They are all armed, one with a very useful-looking curved dagger

march north of Shisur, but the idea was scorned. First, there were no water-holes in the sands as approached from this angle; second, only the Ar Rashid elements had been into the heart of Ar Rimal; third, that most of their camels were utterly unfitted for the sands, could not in fact traverse them. I was to discover that at least the third argument was a genuine one. The camel born and bred in the mountains is as useless in the soft sands as a rudderless ship in the ocean; it moreover quickly loses condition as a result of a radical change of diet. Four of my baggage camels of this description had already found the present journey beyond their powers and were fast breaking up. A change of plan was necessary, and I hit upon the idea of a journey along the fringe of the sands for a hundred miles to explore the wadi system of Umm al Hait, running north eastward from Shisur to a reported oasis of Mugshin, and thence (this a

EXPLORING UNKNOWN ARABIA :

Mr. Bertram Thomas's Journey into the Ruba' al Khali, the uncharted Southern Arabian Desert

MR. THOMAS had a varied following during his journey to and from the grim sand-dune area into which he made his dash. All these camels ridden by these Rashidis are differently bridled

mental reservation) to make a dive into the sands from that point. The suggestion created a storm of opposition on the score of the inability of our camels to cover another six days' trek wholly innocent of a water-hole, and also that Ramadhan was approaching when Muslimin should fast in the bosom of their families. The day passed in an atmosphere of tension, but by judicious presents the three most influential of them came over to my side, and through their medium the remainder followed. My scheme involved a general cut of doubtful animals, hence I was obliged to dismiss six of my Ar Rashid and Bait Imani escort, and return four of my already insufficient baggage animals to Dhufar.

On January 20 I started off N.W. across the flat sandy plain and struck the Wadi Ghudun once more; it was now almost devoid of pebbles and little more than a shallow sandy depression. From this point I

SAND-DUNES AT BIRSA: The camels will give a good idea of the size of the mass on the left is evidently a respectable-sized tree. A clump of vegetation shows itself on the ridge of the dunes

saw for the first time the southern ridges of the great sands now rising above the northern skyline. To me the sight was a spur, while my unconcerned escort dallied behind over some tamarisk and delayed a mile in rear. It was not till the later afternoon that my companions caught me up, and I was for halting for the night from tiredness, but they insisted that the camel fodder was insufficient and we must go on. The traveller in the great desert soon discovers that the welfare of the camel is the Badu's supreme consideration.

A blinding sandstorm sprang up at sunset and grew with increasing fury, filling one's eyes and ears and making eating out of doors unpleasant in the extreme. Oddly enough it blew, not from the sands but towards them, and thereby appears to show that the formation of southern Ar Rimal, at least regionally, is the blown sands from the disintegrating surface of the steppe. The specimens I brought back from the sands may decide whether this is so or not. An early start was made as daylight revealed the camel thorn to be poor.

And thus a cold and unpleasant ride through the Ramlat Umm al Hanash. Suddenly the going improved, and for the first time during the last ten days of a journey down the imperceptibly sloping steppe a slight descent could be detected. Before us an unending procession of giant *ghaf* trees, the famous Wadi Mugshin suddenly presented itself. Beyond them an ocean of reddish sand—Ar Rimal. Astride them two great sand dunes, Birsa and Mursaudid standing as though a gateway to the mysterious ocean, like the Pillars of Hercules."

I spent the night of January 27 in Wadi Mugshin, between the two great dunes. The view that I saw next morning from the top of Mursaudid was a remarkable one. Below us a green serpent of waving trees; the acreage cannot be less than 10,000; Mushin must be the peer of wadis in south-east Arabia. To the north and west was a silent ocean of billowing sand. To the south a yellow plain with occasional sprawling sand-dunes. Mursaudid was half-a-mile in length, a hundred feet in its greatest height, and like all the other dunes within sight, had an east and west axis. Mugshin and neighbourhood I was to find is to the Badu a jinn-infested spot. One of my Badus plucked a bunch of *abal* which grew on the lower slopes of Mursaudid to take along to his camel as Badus are wont to do, but his companion counselled him not to on the score of some dark penalty. Here the camel that is fed by hand and does not forage for itself is doomed to die, and the mortal who destroys local life—a hare or gazelle for instance—will be pursued by bodily misfortune, whence my natural history collecting was to suffer.

The Plunge into the Billowing Sands

I was most anxious to make Al 'Ain, the spring that comes to the surface on the verge of the sands at the extremity of Mugshin, that day. Bearing in mind that our rations were being exhausted, the effect of delaying tactics would be to cheat me of a final dive into the sands which was my objective. Badu conversations showed my companions to have no stomach for the sands—"their camels would die." They had dismounted and I found myself three miles in advance and wondering if they would follow. The place had a reputation for blood, and a solitary rider in a thick jungle is not happier for reflecting on the possibility of a puff of smoke and a volley of rifle fire from close quarters. Happily four stalwarts had changed their minds and came trotting up.

I had now no option but to start on my return journey; most of my escort were utter strangers to the locality; rations were dwindling and Ramadhan was near. After considerable talk I managed to arrange for a small party to accompany me into the sands, seven camels and seven men in all. Leaving the *ghaf* forest behind us we entered the Ramlat al Mugshin. Low red sands were succeeded by higher ridges of dunes lying towards the north, which we reached after a couple of hours. Vegetation in the troughs was scant, chiefly *abal* and thurmid. The area was called Umm Dasis, and according to my guide there was here a filled-in water-hole in the sand which would support a *gom* of forty men and camels for seven days if an enemy occupied Al 'Ain. Beyond Umm Dasis our course was roughly 290 deg., the dunes growing more numerous and of a larger kind. Their surfaces consisted of a collection of smaller dunes rising tier beyond tier, unsymmetrical in relation to one another but with the exquisite roundnesses of natural perfection. All around was a vast ocean of billowing sand, tilted up in places to sudden frowning heights. The sun's almost vertical rays in these tropical latitudes afford no contrasting shades, and the first impression is one of a sense of exquisite purity of colour. At close quarters the sands are so steep that you dismount from your lofty saddle while your camel plods his heavy way up the most precipitous slopes, slithers down the far side marvellously footsure, and arriving at the bottom takes a brave little run to help him on the next upward slope. The surface, so smooth at a distance, is in reality lined with faint corruscations more or less parallel, like tiny wavelets on sea sands, and what at a distance is a sheet of pure red colour, when closely approached sparkles with shading glints of greens and gold. A gentle breeze blowing from the north sweeps up the loose surface sands to carry a filmy wisp over the top, and thus builds up a flat rim along the upper edge of the sands and facing to leeward. The close-up effect is that of a centurion helmet, but in the far distance the winding ridges of the dunes look like the walls of some fair city built upon a hill.

We halted at sunset south of a lofty dune called Ga'ida Mandar. The temperature fell to 41 deg. dry and 36 deg. wet bulb when I awoke at midnight to see the Southern Cross low over my feet; Canopus had disappeared and Scorpio stood erect, his tail resting on the horizon. The following day our course for the first hour was 295 deg., then became 270 deg., and very soon to 215, deg. and so continued for most of the day. There were two half-hour halts, one to shoot a crow, the only bird to be seen that day and one which proved to have white markings, the other for a lunch of dates. What vegetation there was was withered, and the Badus striking with their canes upon the dry, dead stalks, these snapped like chalk and fell lightly to the sand. As we proceeded in a south-westerly direction odd *ghaf* trees became more and more frequent, the offshoots of the northern branch of Mugshin. The day grew extremely hot as it wore on and when sunset came there was no sign of the dune of Mursaudid which would mark our camp. It was indeed a great way off. A shout from two of my party riding ahead announced the observation of the new moon of Ramadhan, the beginning of the holy fast month and for my companions an occasion of grave importance. Very soon they had couched their camels, stuck their rifle-barrels downwards in the sand, and indulged in prayerful prostrations and loudly chanted prayers. We were once more on the march. The hour was 6.30, marking the ninth hour in the saddle, and we strained our eyes for sign of our night's camp. Our shouts were intended to discover the direction of the rest of our party at Mursaudid, and to appraise it that no enemy was approaching, and in this my electric torch was of use. Our guide, whose accuracy I had begun to make excuses for, received the most ample vindication when we espied to our immediate front the camp fires we sought.

An item of considerable geographical interest is the presence at the northern end of the corridor, where it meets Ar Rimal, of the phenomenon of desert quick-sands. The extent of Umm as Samim, as the area is called, is said to be a two-days' march in any direction. In appearance a sheet of salt plain, it gives no indication to the unwary traveller of its treacherous bogs. Many have perished here and only certain Daru' Badus who come to collect salt on its borders are said to brave its secret passages; raiders, as might be expected, give it a wide berth.

Von Wrede, the Bavarian soldier of fortune who in 1843 penetrated the Hadhramaut in Moslem disguise, records a similar phenomenon, its place-name Bahr as Safi. Von Wrede said that he marched towards one of the white patches armed with a plumb-line of sixty fathoms.

"With the greatest caution," says Von Wrede, "I approached the border to examine the sand, which I found almost an impalpable powder, and I threw the plumb-line as far as possible; it sank instantly, the velocity diminishing, and in five minutes the end of the cord had disappeared in the all-devouring tomb."

THESE THREE FOLLOWERS of Mr. Thomas are squatting on the summit of one of the giant dunes he describes—Mursaudid by name. The camera in the foreground gives a note of civilization, but the threat of this sand dune country to life is incessant

BRAINSTORM IN ASIA: The atmosphere of the Orient is definitely chaotic, with China in the throes of civil war, India riddled with sedition, Afghanistan none too settled, and the Turco-Iraq frontier seething with rebellion

LADY DRUMMOND-HAY writes on

WORLD AFFAIRS

An Intimate Causerie on Matters of International Import

"GREENLAND'S ICY MOUNTAINS."—"The world will come round to considering the colonization and exploitation of the ice-lands," Sir Douglas Mawson, famous Antarctic explorer, told me once, as we discussed over-population, economic conditions, and the solution.

This month a Russian scientific mission, headed by Professor Otto Schmidt, left Leningrad for Fridtjof Nansen Land, formerly Franz Josef Land, to investigate the possibilities of developing Russia's immense Polar possessions. With the expedition is a group of Soviet citizens, including Governor G. A. Ushakov, who have volunteered to "colonize" North Land, known before as Nicholas II Land, as the nucleus of a future Russian settlement.

This Soviet expedition is but one of sixteen Arctic expeditions scheduled during the summer, including several other Russian ones. The biggest is German, under Professor Wegener; there is also a British expedition led by Mr. H. G. Watkins; one Swedish, four Norwegian, one American, and three Danish.

Greenland, Danish Colony of 838,000 sq. miles, of which 46,740 sq. miles are "habitable," and populated by 14,355, whose largest settlement is Sydproven with 901 inhabitants, glitters alluringly as an air-base for an Arctic air-route between the Old World and the New. Such a plan would automatically tend to modernize, exploit, and populate at least one of those Arctic lands which Sir Douglas Mawson and other experts claim to be waiting and ready to offer "more room in the world."

Rumours that Britain or Canada may bid to buy Greenland from Denmark, anticipated protest from Norway, probable or improbable as anyone of them may be, signifies at least that the ice-lands are coming into their own.

CHAOS IN THE EAST.—"Brain-storms in Asia" would be an appropriate headline for events and conditions on that Continent. Chaos in China. Brewing "non-violent" revolt in India. New tribal upheavals against King Nadir in Afghanistan. Kurd revolution in the Turkish–Persian–Iraq corner under the shadow of Mount Ararat where Noah grounded his Ark. Desultory fighting in Arabia, rumblings in Java, uprisings against the French in Indo-China, martial law and war against the Afridis on the North-West Frontier of India. Life in that part of the globe is certainly not monotonous.

Seven men—seven out of more than 800,000,000—hold the stage in Asia.

General Chiang Kai-shek, Riza Khan, Ghazi Kemal Pasha, Ibn Saoud, Gandhi, and the two Nehrus.

An eighth should be added—Lord Irwin, Viceroy of India. All men of dominant personality.

Chiang Kai-shek, the most outstanding figure in China, would seem gradually to be winning out against the Northern rebel War Lords, Yen Shi-shan and Feng Yu-hsiang. The civil war has practically bankrupted China again. Two million soldiers, and uncounted bandits, in a country like China, are no less than plagues of locusts.

The Kurd uprising, where Noah let the animals out of the Ark, frustrated, I hear, efforts to make a Five-Power-Pact of Russia, Persia, Turkey, Afghanistan, Iraq, Riza Khan, who made the new Persia, and Ghazi Kemal Pasha, the "George Washington" of the new Turkey, are no great admirers of one another. Though I saw the Turkish Ghazi send Riza Khan a magnificent sword—by aeroplane — when I was in Angora, the President of the Turkish Republic and the self-created Shah of Persia have never visited each other, I believe.

His ambitions limited to Arabia, where his influence is ever increasing, King Ibn Saoud of Hedjaz is one of the most noble and simple of rulers. He has caught the spirit of progress while preserving all that is inspiring in tradition, and is introducing motor-cars, electric light, wireless, and aircraft. Holy Mecca is soon to have an electric-light plant.

Gandhi and the Nehru brothers dominate public thought in India from behind their prison bars.

With a "Civil Disobedience" revolt on the one hand, and a small war on the North-West Frontier on the other, Lord Irwin has the most difficult job in the British Empire to-day, whose decisions, actions, and influence mean much for the weal or woe of the Empire.

Six thousand bombs were thrown by squadrons of the Royal Air Force against 5,000 Afridis, news despatches tell us. Bad markmanship this—on the part of the latest and most modern arms of war—say those who know little about the topography of the North-West Frontier. But it does prove that Britain adheres to the "No Gas" warfare. Gas bombs would have scored many more "hits."

"BEND SINISTER."—The Polish Corridor through Germany, cutting Germany into two pieces, is to-day the greatest menace to peace in Europe.

Potentially, it is even a greater source of anxiety than the Franco-Italian suspicion and tension. France knows that, Poland knows it, we in Britain know it.

That it IS a menace to peace is obvious to the world every time France and Poland get "jumpy nerves" when a German mentions that Corridor running through his back-yard. Sometimes it is followed by a demand from the French and Polish military leaders for "more military credits."

France waited forty-three years to regain Alsace-Lorraine. The Germans, unless one mistakes their temper, their doggedness, their tenacity, will wait 143 years, if necessary, to remove that Corridor and re-unite German territory.

If France and Poland are going to increase their military budgets every time that a German statesman thinks out loud, as did Herr Treviranus the other day, every acre of that Corridor will in time cost the French and Polish taxpayers the price of a city lot in London. The time may come when those taxpayers will weary of paying such high premiums of insurance for that broad lane dividing Germany.

Some time ago I motored along that border just to have a look at it. Imagine a wide zone through your grounds or estate cutting your property in two and, without your neighbours' permission or a passport, the right to cross that "corridor" to your property on the other side. That is the Polish Corridor.

It is understandable that the Germans feel about it as they do feel. It is not quite so understandable that they think aloud about it. The French were wiser about Alsace-Lorraine. Perhaps the Germans have adopted Mussolini's tactics of dreaming aloud just to keep the French "jumpy."

The Polish Corridor is the Bend Sinister between Germany and France and the nightmare of the Poles.

CHINA'S COMMUNIST MENACE.—"The present war between North and South China is almost certain to end in another stalemate," a foreigner in one of the Chinese army headquarters writes to me. "At present (July 21) it is so hot that fighting has ceased. A very severe economic depression in China is certain to be the consequence of this war between North and South. War costs money, even as war is fought in China, and both North and South have sent their money to Japan, America, or Europe, for artillery, munitions, and aircraft. One reads much in the newspapers here about the German 'Advisors' with the National Army, charging that they had urged General Chiang Kai-shek into this war. That's a lot of nonsense, of course. There are only a few Germans at the front. Very active in the fighting, however, on the Southern—that is the Nationalist side—have been two American aviators, Captain Schumacher and Captain Hall. They have repeatedly thrown bombs, and also attacked objectives with machine-guns.

"It strikes one as strange to see the most modern weapons of warfare in use here, together with rather antiquated methods. Soldiers on both sides are most simply equipped. Cotton uniforms, often full of holes, sometimes naked from the waist up. A monster straw hat, straw sandals when not barefooted, a huge sword across the back, and in one hand—an umbrella. That is the equipment of thousands. They attack mostly at night or during the blinding sand-storms. In hand-to-hand fighting the meat-chopper-like swords make an awful mess of things. Where the neck joins the body is the favourite target of the Chinese swordsman. They are very clever in taking cover and, like the Red Indians of America, they seek to surprise the enemy. The second 'wave' often are the 'pistol-carriers.' That is, their only weapon is an automatic pistol. Then behind them come a few machine-guns.

"The war area is full of deserters, stragglers, small bands and detachments of troops at a loose end and wandering about. Some act as spies in the guise of harmless peasants offering fruits for sale. Others loot and plunder.

"A third Power is making itself felt now—Communism. Reports claim that the Communists already have eighteen armies! It is easy to spread reports and rumours in China. While North and South are fighting this third Power is trying to establish itself.

"What tries the patience of foreigners working with the Chinese is the insufferable 'superiority complex' of the 'young Chinese,' educated a few months or years in America, England, or Germany.

"There is an air of expectancy in General Chiang Kai-shek's Headquarters. A political checkmate is looked for from him. He is expected to proclaim himself the leader and champion of the anti-Communist forces in China, and it is hoped that this common danger and the necessity of combating it may result in an understanding between North and South.

"China, so it seems to us here, in the very midst of things, is on the eve of important events."

THE STORM IN THE WINE-GLASS: Sir Percy Loraine, the British High Commissioner in Egypt, recently invited Nahas Pasha, the Wafdist ex-Prime Minister, to lunch. Subsequently Sidky Pasha, the Conservative leader, was invited to lunch at the Presidency. The original invitation has caused much perturbation in Cairo. Sidky Pasha is seen above in a ceremonial group

A GATEWAY OF INDIA

The Old Fort of Kafir Kot, near the Khyber, in the thick of the Afridi fighting

SOLIDITY INCARNATE: *Part of one of the old bastions. What builder would not be proud if he could point to such a wall and say "This is my work. It has stood the test of two thousand years"*

THE KAFIR KOT RIDGE, *looking west and showing the modern pickets and the keep of the Buddhist fort under the cliff on the left. The words Kafir Kot signify "The Fort of the Unbelievers"*

THE OLD FORT OF KAFIR KOT: *A general view of the keep of the Buddhist fort, showing the well, partly fallen in, from which the occupants used to draw their water.*

DIAPER PATTERN: *A close-up of the wall showing the diaper pattern of stonework, i.e. large stones held in place by chips of shale and slate. No foundations were dug; the walls were built straight on to the natural rock*

Of the hundreds of cars laden with sightseers that pass up and down the Khyber Pass in the winter, few, if any, of the occupants ever hear of one of its most important historical features, "The Kafir Kot Ridge." The ridge is situated at the western entrance of the Khyber Pass and on the south side of the road. Kafir Kot, which signifies "The Fort of the Unbelievers," is a name that must have been given to it hundreds of years after the fort was built, the ruins of which now crown its heights. In a land where the sword is mightier than the pen little information exists of archæological remains, but from what can be gathered it is believed to have been built by the famous patron of Buddhist art, Kanishka, King of Gandhara, in the second century A.D., whose capital was Peshawar, then called Purushapura. The remains of this Buddhist stronghold cover the complete ridge, some 700 yards long by 50 yards wide. The walls are built of the "diaper" pattern of stonework throughout, are of great thickness, and in some places rise to a height of 20 feet. Now, though times and weapons have changed, out of the ruins of this Gandhara fortress rise the crenulated battlements of modern pickets, from which the watch on the road still remains.

JAPAN TO-DAY.

Facets of Life in the Lovely Land

A NATIONAL INSTRUMENT OF JAPAN: One of the competitors in a competition for koto players held in Kyoto by the Japanese Musical Association

MUSICAL COMPETITORS: A gi
Musical Association, Kyot
instrument. The body
board, rising gently in th
the ends, as shown in the
keep the long wires taut

On left — MISS HIDEKO MAYEBETA, Japan's ace-girl swimmer, who established a new Japanese record of 3 min. 16·8 sec. in Girls' 200-metre breast stroke final on the eighth day of the Far Eastern Championship Games in Tokyo

NOBLE HALF-DOZEN OF JAPAN
athletes, who will compete in
Prague next month. *From l*
M. Nakanishi, K. Hitomi (capt
and C. Han

HOMAGE TO THE DEAD EMPEROR OF JAPAN: The Lady Yanagiwara, mother of the late Emperor Taisho, goes on the anniversary of his death to the Meiji Shrine to pray to his spirit. This is a Shinto custom, which, like Confucianism in the neighbouring land of China, lays great stress upon reverence to ancestors

A CEREMONIAL T
OF THE R
Major Lomb
Nagaoka, H.
Ambassador,
Cappanini
Gener

Land of the Ultimate East

RS: A group in the contest held by the Japanese
n, Kyoto, for koto players—a popular national
body of the instrument is a long curved
tly in the middle with little lacquered rests at
vn in the picture on the left. The rests which
es taut, stretch diagonally across the board

JAPAN'S ATHLETIC YOUTH: The
pete in the Women's Olympic Games at
From left to right: Misses H. Honjo,
mi (captain), S. Watanabe, M. Muraoka,
C. Hamazaki

ONIAL TEA PARTY TO THE HEROES
THE ROME - TO - TOKYO FLIGHT:
r Lombardi (in a kimono), General
oka, H. E. Dignor Majoni, the Italian
ssador, Mrs. Nagaoka, and Captain
anini with other guests at the
General's party to the flyers

FEATURES OF THE SUMMER IN NIPPON: The lanterns seen on sale in the upper picture are, on the occasion of Toro Nagashi—the Festival of the River—floated down the stream—an exquisite sight. An astonishing variety of shapes of lanterns are to be purchased in the shops in Tokyo—more elegant than any lanterns exported to this country. The ones floated on the river are sold with little rafts which support them for a sufficient length of time

The PHŒNIX CITY of the WORLD

A New Tokyo Arises from the Earthquake-riven Ruins of the Old, as Different from its Predecessor as the London of Wren was from the London of Elizabeth

From OUR TOKYO CORRESPONDENT

A STROLL IN THE PARK: A trio of children in the garden of the Shrine of the Emperor Meiji. In the background is the Commemoration Hall

Tokyo, the Far East's first Western city, stands completed.

The seven-year construction programme launched amid the smoking ruins left by earthquake and fire in 1923 has been finished on time.

When Emperor Hirohito recently made an official twenty-mile inspection tour he found his capital bright and new as fresh paint. Nothing like it has ever been seen before in the Orient. While the touring party paused the Emperor paid tribute in the Hall of Nameless Dead to 33,000 persons who perished in one small park during the holocaust that destroyed the city.

He halted once more on Kudan Hill.

Standing on Kudan Hill, August 31, 1923, a traveller looked down on a peaceful Oriental city of white tiled roofs almost buried in green trees.

Two days later the same view from Kudan Hill disclosed a desert of utter ruin as far as the eye could see. Homes and business houses of one million and a half people had been wiped out. A large area was a black blot, a funeral pyre for 68,500 victims.

HOME OF JAPAN'S PARLIAMENT

The spring of 1930, on Kudan Hill, finds the Sumida plain once more filled with a prosperous city. Over on the right rises the gaunt steel of the Diet building, a new home for Japan's Legislature almost as large as the British Parliament. Broad asphalt boulevards strike out in every direction where narrow, twisted lanes of pre-earthquake Tokyo clogged traffic. The fresh green of young trees, 24,000 planted since 1923, promises that Japan's capital may again become a city in a forest. Far eastward six new bridges span the Sumida River, while nearby stately ten-storey office buildings, Western style, form the nucleus of Tokyo's growing Government department row. Many temporary "emergency" barracks erected after the fire clutter the scene, but their days are numbered.

The greatest disaster offered the greatest opportunity in modern times to build a model metropolis. London's "Great Fire" burned 336 acres; Chicago's 2,024 acres; San Francisco's 2,560 acres; Tokyo's 9,000 acres! Would Tokyo throw away her chance to plan a city fit for modern living conditions?

OLD TOKYO A FEUDAL CITY

Old Tokyo was an overgrown feudal town. The seed from which the city grew, the Shogun's palace, lay in the centre, surrounded by stone walls and a wide, water-filled moat. It will usurp the centre of the capital. In old days Japanese rulers demanded that chiefs of provinces leave their wives and children under the palace walls as hostages. Tokyo's wards each had their origin in such settlements of semi-prisoners. Streets and alleys grew aimlessly. Many were so narrow they could not be penetrated by fire-engines.

In new Tokyo the minimum street width is 12 ft. Narrow enough, but a boulevard by old Tokyo standards.

Only one-tenth of the area of old Tokyo was used for streets. A stingy allotment compared with London, Paris, and Berlin, which leave about one quarter in streets, while Washington has nearly one half its area in streets and avenues. To remedy her shortcomings Tokyo, as a first step in reconstruction, took for streets 10 per cent. of every owner's land without compensation. By purchase the city added 5 per cent. more, and in this manner has raised her street acreage to 27 per cent. of the city's area.

Next Tokyo reserved the right to re-locate any man's property to accommodate an entirely new grid-iron system of streets, and to move any man's house. In seven years the city fathers have moved 200,000 houses. At one time they were moving houses at the rate of 5,000 per month. Queer problems arose. A man's house might be too big for his new lot. Some new lots are only 4 ft. by 8 ft. in area, scarcely large enough for any use. But oddities are being ironed out.

Temporary buildings to house a million-and-a-half homeless were built immediately after the disaster, but the Government has reserved the right to tear down these structures within a given period and many have already disappeared.

To build a city for 2,000,000 people from the ground up was a task for which there is no parallel in history. Where a European city adds a bridge and a school or two per year, Tokyo had to build 170 schools in seven years, and 117 bridges. Six of these were major bridges across the broad Sumida River.

With the wave of a £60,000,000 wand over the ruins, 2 large parks and 50 small parks appeared, 10 bath-houses, 5 hospitals, 7 Government-controlled pawn-shops, a big new municipal market, 10 children's homes, 10 public dining-halls, and 10 public boarding-houses.

HIGH COST OF EARTHQUAKE PROOFING

Some Japanese advocated moving the capital to a safer place. "No," said Tokyo. "We have learned our lesson. Some of the buildings withstood both 'quake and fire." The 'quake wave reached Tokyo with an 8-inch swing, and the new, large buildings and bridges are built to receive even heavier shocks. Wide streets and fire-proof construction will prevent fire spreading as it did in 1923. Tokyo is not afraid of earthquakes. There have been 7,500 noticeable shocks in this region since the major 'quake of 1923.

The new Mitsui Bank, which is to have the largest floor devoted to banking of any bank in the world, is typical of Tokyo's new construction. American architects designed the building; American contractors have built it. Under the ten-storey structure is a platform of reinforced concrete four feet thick. It contains twice as much steel as similar buildings in the United States require.

Earthquake-proofing, Tokyo estimates, raises construction costs one-third.

But Tokyo expects excellent returns on her tremendous investment in city planning. Improvements effected in sanitation alone will in three years, it is believed, save as many lives as were lost in the earthquake disaster.

To arrive at Central Station, Tokyo, to-day, is to enter the hurly-burly of the twentieth century. Porters grab the traveller's bags; taxis dash up—stop with screeching brakes. Rickshaws? They are for country people unused to city ways. They can be found somewhere about the vast station, but one has to hunt for them.

MODERN MOBO AND MOGO

Through the doors of Central Station can be glimpsed ten-storey modern Tokyo. With the Ginza, Tokyo's Broadway, once the street of silversmiths, now the street of mobo (the modern boy), and mogo (the modern girl).

Mobo has gone Western with his hat, his bow tie, short coat and baggy trousers, cigarette, and cane. Mogo has bobbed her hair and she is trying to improve on her naturally excellent complexion; she wears a hat, quite a novelty in Japan, and her skirts are short.

In a typical steel and concrete cell in a typical office building the Japanese business man, in a business suit and leather shoes, works eight hours dictating, talking to salesmen, holding conferences. Five o'clock, home by underground, off with the business suit, off with the black leather shoes, a hot bath; then, in kimono and sandals, with dinner served on a table no higher than a stool before which he sits cross-legged on the floor, the modern business man is back in the Japan of his fathers. He dines and he lives in his house with sliding panels and exquisite screens; a house whose style has not changed in three centuries.

THE THREE TOKYOS OF TO-DAY

So to-day there are three Tokyos; old Tokyo of tangled narrow streets and tile-roofed wooden houses which cluster over beyond the Emperor's palace where the fire did not reach; Western Tokyo of typewriters, underground railway, clacking turnstiles, conduits, asphalt boulevards, Douglas Fairbanks, cement mixers, taxis, plate-glass shop windows, department stores, filing systems and standard office furniture; and lastly Futuristic Tokyo, experimenting in cement with the latest art and architectural brain children of Parisian rebels.

FULFILLING A DUAL ROLE: The Tokyo Gekijo, the new theatre, at which both vaudeville and moving pictures are to be seen

THE RECONSTRUCTED CITY OF THE DEAD: The graveyard in the Honjo Ward, Tokyo, rebuilt after the earthquake

A JAPANESE SANDWICHMAN: Hats of Harrovian dimensions and minute boards characterize the advertising of Tokyo

THE VEILED LIDO

MRS. GRUNDY'S SAFEGUARD: The canvas screen which prevents bystanders from watching the activities of London's Lido. No longer does a crowd collect to see the bathers disporting themselves in the shining Serpentine. The doorways are double-screened, and men and women police are constantly in the vicinity

FUN AND GAMES IN HYDE PARK: In the early days of the London Lido, crowds went to watch such frolics as these. Now they can be seen only by participants, police, pressmen, official inspectors, and, of course, papa Lansbury himself

NOW UNSEEN BY THE PUBLIC: Numbers at the Lido have, of course, diminished with the wintry weather this August. This group came out on one of the few days conducive to sun-bathing—but only bathers and press photographers saw it

A PLAYGROUND IN A PLAYGROUND: A new Lansbury sand-pit on the Petersham side of Richmond Park, where the boys and girls of the district may play as they will

BOATING IN REGENT'S PARK: The pay-box at the new boating pool where two children may get a speed-boat for half-an-hour for fourpence

A SPORT BELOVED OF YOUNG AND OLD: The swing boats in Richmond Park. Adults enjoy them, as any travelling fair will prove

RIVERSIDE NIGHTS and DAYS

The Iron or Wood Coastwise Barge Controversy, and the New Tilbury Landing Stage and Docks

THE OLD—AND THE NEW: The old wooden coastwise barge (above) is gradually giving way to the new iron structures of the type shown on the right. The merits and demerits of one or the other forms the subject of a great riverside debate

THE TILBURY FLOATING LANDING STAGE: This great innovation, rivalling even the famous Liverpool landing stage, enables even the largest liner to moor alongside and passengers to walk direct from station to steamer

TILBURY IMPROVEMENT WORKS: Other works include a new dry dock 750 ft. long and 110 ft. wide, constructed so that it can be readily extended when required to a total length of 1,000 ft.

BEATING UPSTREAM: A scene at Gravesend, showing the Thames barges making their slow way under their russet sails. Unlike the Continental bargees, English wives and children do not form with the master—the husband and father—a self-contained unit of a crew. Some wives were "mates" in every sense during the War, but returned to their homes in 1918-19

We may not see the romantic shape of the old barge tacking down on the Thames ebb tide very much longer. Red sails cannot stand against the perfection of the times, and the oil engine, odoriferous and disinheriting, must ultimately have its way. Already the barge has suffered one major change from progress: iron has supplanted wood. Not many hulls that leave the Thames yards now are built of seasoned planks such as gave service often for fifty and sixty years. The seaman is conservative, and the Thames bargeman is as wary in his tastes as any. Eight out of ten will tell you that they prefer sound wood. The metal hull sweats, and in a seaway—so they say does not behave so well. But the newer construction has proved the faster; only a month or two ago iron barges were victorious in the estuary races.

SYDNEY'S MARVELLOUS BRIDGE.

A Pictorial Record of the Latter and Final Stages of the New Structure, with Notes by a Contracting Authority

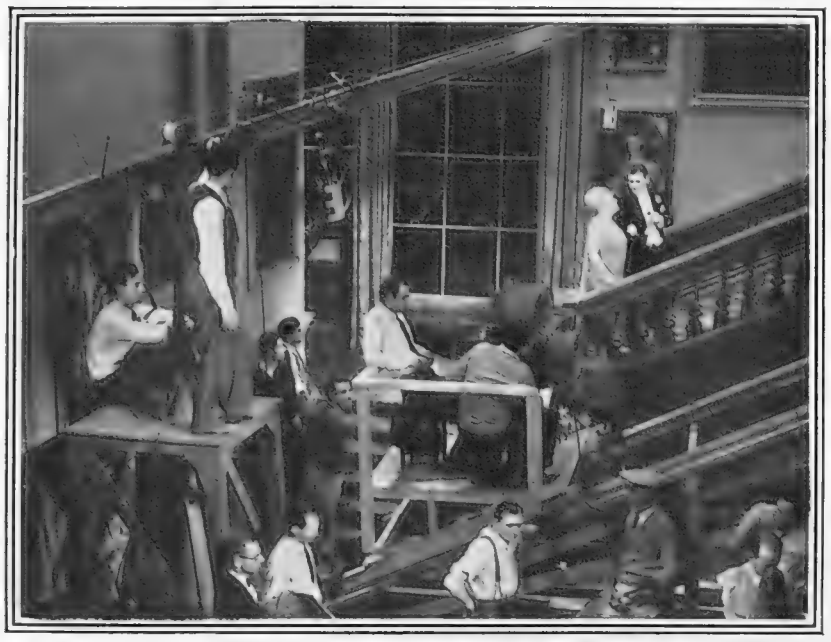
SPRINGING FROM THE SHORES: The 1,650 ft. arch nearing completion

halves were gradually lowered until they met in their final positions on a horizontal pin in the bottom rib of each truss. It is estimated that even now that the arch is closed a further eighteen months will be required before the bridge is opened for traffic. There are approximately 37,000 tons of steel in the arch construction, and 13,000 tons in the approach spans; as much as possible of this steel is of Australian manufacture, but the remainder is British steel from the contractors' own works at Middlesbrough. The Chief Engineer to the New South Wales Government under whose supervision the work is being carried out, is Dr. J. J. C. Bradfield, M.Inst.C.E., and the detailed designs and erection scheme were prepared by Mr. Ralph Freeman, M.Inst.C.E., of Sir Douglas Fox and Partners, and Mr. G. C. Imbault, the consulting engineers to the contractors. The architectural features of the bridge are the work of Sir John Burnett and Partners, and Mr. L. Ennis, a director of Dorman, Long, and Co., Ltd., has the entire construction under his supervision.

FINALITY: The Sydney Bridge, the springing arms united, as it will be when the road-deck is constructed

In February, 1924, Dorman, Long, and Co., Ltd., secured the contract for the supply and erection of the largest arch bridge in the world. Crossing the famous harbour at Sydney, New South Wales, from Dawes Point to Milson's Point in a single span of 1,650 ft., it will give clear head-room for shipping of 170 ft. at high water, the top of the arch being 440 ft. above water-level. Complete, with its approaches, the bridge measures 3,770 ft. in length, and the accepted contract price was £4,217,721 11s. 10d. although the total cost of the construction will probably exceed £6,000,000. The deck accommodation is one of the heaviest ever built, as in addition to a 57 ft. roadway and two footways the bridge also carries four lines of electric railway, the total width of the deck being nearly 160 ft. The erection of an arch of such magnitude without causing interference to shipping was a problem solved by the adoption of a scheme similar to that which had been successfully employed by the company during the construction of the new Tyne Bridge at Newcastle. The arch was built out from both shores simultaneously, each half being anchored back to the solid rock by a set of 128 steel-wire cables. A specially constructed crane, weighing 600 tons, and having a maximum lift of 122 tons, was mounted on the upper rib of each half arch, and as the erection of the steel-work progressed the cranes were drawn forward to a new position, until finally they were able to co-operate in the closing stages. The anchorage cables have been so arranged that at the completion of the cantilever stage the extremity of each half arch was about 3 ft. above its final position, and by slackening these cables the

THE HELL GATE BRIDGE: This notable structure of New York, of the same appearance as the Sydney Bridge, but with an archway span of some 500-600 ft. less



RAFFLES AT WORK: The huge structure necessary to record Mr. Colman and Miss Skipworth ascending a staircase

METAPHYSICS and the TALKIES.

The Art Form of the New World of To-day and To-morrow

By NELSON JUNIUS SPRINGER

(New York correspondent of "The Sphere")

There was never yet a word that could not be made flesh! There was never yet an idea that a man could realize in the theatre, or in any of the arts, that man could not eventually realize in life. Therein lies the significance of the talkies.

For the talkies will develop as a new and distinctive art form. They will not develop as a cinema rendered articulate, nor as a substitute for theatre. They will develop as the special medium which the machine has created for the presentation of a metaphysical drama.

Something of this sort must come to pass or man will perish. There is of course nothing that will require it to come to pass except man's genius for survival, but it is assumed here that facing the machine as he faced the encroachments of the Ice Age, man will not give up the battle without a struggle. And, in this latest conflict, man must manage a spiritual translation of the machine, or he is lost.

Perhaps it should be said here that what is meant by metaphysics is its literal sense. Man needs to find in the machine the same poetic or religious significance that Conrad found in ships. There must be more than a steel and-stone interpretation of the Chrysler building. There must be the feeling that humanity can survive, notwithstanding Times Square, Grand Central, and the financial district. In short, there needs to be an art that will take the familiar scientific-industrial forms of civilization, just as art once took the familiar forms of martyrdom, and show that there is deliverance from the body of this death. Man may give up the Bible or Shakespeare, but not both.

Darwin once called attention to the nice adjustment of different parts of life as remote from each other as a crab and a coco-nut palm. It may not be amiss therefore to call attention to the meaning of the Marquesan word for cannibalistic sacrifice, and to indicate the relation between the ritual appetite of these primitive Polynesians and that of the industrialized Americans and Europeans to-day.

"The long pig that speaks" appears to be the literal meaning, and two points are impressive. The one is that the pig was the islanders' staple article of animal food. The other was that the observed and emphasized characteristic of human food, and presumably, therefore, the characteristic that made it desirable, was that it could speak. In this frightful meal the thing that was sought was a voice; and this has been true of all man's effort, hideous and sublime, down the ages.

That is why the talkies are significant. At last the machine is going to speak out; and it is to be the one machine that is capable of dramatizing the life of man as dominated by that thing which we may properly describe as the "Uebermechanismus."

The specific bases for having some faith in the talkies in this matter are, for the moment, slender; but they are also influential. In contradistinction to the movies, the talkies are at their best when they present a drama of ideas; and so important to their full effectiveness is the possibility of studying in detail the facial expression of the actors, that their drama might almost be defined as the drama of the close-up. Artistically, they are at their best when they assume the familiar qualities and aspects of something as ideal and as unutilitarian as a painting. And, for all of these reasons, they reach their philosophical height when they become the drama of two people.

It may seem absurd to suppose that an amusement device may be regarded with the same seriousness as a philosophic system or a religious cult; but the fact remains that it is quite possible to look at the talkies with all of the gravity of Immanuel Kant looking at an idea.

For it does seem clear that the talkies provide the means of expressing ideas and embodying situations that have always eluded both the cinema and the theatre. John Murray Anderson, for example, wants to use the talkies to produce *Alice in Wonderland* and *Gulliver's Travels*.

It would easily appear, then, that a new word is to be made flesh, and through an agency that is a perfect symbol of the machine age. There is, of course, the possibility that the talkies will fail; but the possibility that they will succeed creates a situation of the greatest importance. If *Alice* is conceded to the talkies, and it seems reasonable that she may be, then something more is conceded than the lovable grotesqueness of *Alice* or her sweet humour. There is also conceded the breathless beauty of that moment in *Journey's End* when Osborn takes *Alice* out of his pocket and begins to read. There is a potentiality that almost defies analysis.

Of course it was done in *Journey's End* in the theatre. But *Journey's End* was one of the miracles of the theatre. Apart from its transcendant beauty, it was overpowering because it was incredible. It represented on the stage the achievement of the impossible. It was one with *Berkeley Square*, *Beyond the Horizon*, *The Emperor Jones*—the sort of thing that isn't done, that can't be done, except on those rare occasions when the dramatist escapes into the realm of pure genius, defies his stage, and subjugates his audience. And one may not ask that too often, not even of Shakespeare.

The outstanding success of the talkies to date is Harpo Marx, and Harpo never talks—not even in the talkies.

His triumph was achieved in one fleeting scene in a musical film of no great importance in itself, although it was experimentally significant—*The Cocoanuts*. Marx, as usual, wandered from situation to situation in idiotic silence, and he was always interesting. But quite suddenly he became a timeless and compelling figure.

An achievement of this kind suggests very definitely that the talkies will be justified in the realm of ideas and beauty, possibly because they have to be excellent before they are endurable. At all events, it would seem clear that the development of the talkies is in the direction of fantasy.

The idea is reinforced by what may be done in the talkies with the dance, a spectacle long since grown familiar, but never ceasing to be wonderful. A ballet, photographed from up stage, from the wings, from the flies! Its geometry speaks a language beyond words. Here at last man has succeeded in the fulfilment of his illusions.

Moses cast down a rod and it becomes a serpent. Science cast down a rod and it becomes a dove. It is not too much to say. These talkies are disclosing to human eyes visions that are perilously beautiful. They hold within their reach the possibility of something as significant and terrifying as revelation.

It will be recalled that we never give our photographs to any save cherished friends. It may not be recalled, but it is none the less true, that it was believed that whoever possessed the image of a man had power over that man. The Greeks believed that if they could create the images of the gods they could then compel the gods to dwell in their midst; and it would be a rash soul who asserted that the gods did not dwell in that Greece which produced Phedias and Praxiteles. And now the cinema has taken possession of the image of humanity.

It has taken possession of that image with the power of transforming it at will. A man may become a dog or an angel. Think what Stevenson could have done with Jekyll and Hyde!

Old wives told tales of witches, but the talkies will show witches. Lewis Carroll made "Alice" immortal. But suppose Murray Anderson shows us "Alice"? Suppose he goes a step further, and shows us "Wonderland"? Either the race is facing damnation or it is on the threshold of apotheosis.

If the hyperbole is thought to be unjustified, reflect that it was recently necessary to summon the police to quell a mob that was battling for admittance to the American Museum of Natural History. The attraction was a silent film depicting the theories of Einstein.

The fact is that we are afflicted, here in the United States at least, with the necessity for a new magic. We have pushed through to the Pacific coast, and we are still in search of the New World. We have erected on the rock of Manhattan a city in which the far-famed Woolworth building has become one of the lesser towers. We have made the equivalent of a golden guinea the irreducible minimum of legal tender. We have electrified music; and it would be an act of daring to assert that we will not electrify painting. For we are already electrifying photography. We have created this world, in which no one in his right mind wants to live; and, having created it, we are now asking someone like Einstein to get us out of it.

This is why the talkies become significant. It is always through the creation of an art form that man creates a new world, and takes possession of it; and it is in the talkies, more surely than elsewhere, that the unexplored world of Einstein may be externalized. It will be there that the modern, industrialized American will, with the aid of science, escape from the world of science.

The prospect is in some sense amusing, for what we shall do with this new art form, this new world, this postulate of a German ideology, will be to re-enact two ancient dramas. The one will be *Pygmalion and Galatea*; the other, *Beauty and the Beast*. For it is only now that it is beginning to dawn on the American man that every woman is born of stone, and that if she is ever to awaken to a world of humanity it will be a man who will awaken her. And it is only now beginning to dawn upon the American woman that if a man is to be transfigured it will be a woman who will transfigure him. Else, we have too much faith in careers.

Heaven help us if we have waited on Hollywood for the re-affirmation of our idealism. But there is the fact. We are in need of a new insurrection of the individual, a sentimental re-assurance that "love conquers all," even with a radio in every home.

Otherwise, we are hemmed in by steel and stone, by time-clocks and traffic-signals; and we cannot escape unless we can find our way out through a medium for which physical limitations create no barriers.

THE COMPLEXITY OF TALKIE PRODUCTION: A studio scene showing Mr. Sam Wood (on the boom) rehearsing an incident in the new John Gilbert picture

PLAYS to be SEEN

"Let Us Be Gay" at the Lyric : "Petticoat Influence" at the St. Martin's : Mr. Nares in "The Man in Possession" at the Ambassadors

Black(fe)mail Petticoat Influence: *Diana Wynyara tells Robert Holmes she will give away his affair with his chief's wife unless he procures from that chief for her husband an appointment already given to another*

Mr. Owen Nares in Possession of The Ambassadors: *With Raymond Massey's illness, Owen Nares progresses from butler in* Désiré *to bailiff's man in* The Man in Possession

Flies About the Honey Pot, or Music Hath Charms: *Tallulah Bankhead surrounded by Francis Lister, Ronald Ward, and Arthur Margetson*

Not so Gay and Very Gay in "Let Us Be Gay:" *Helen Haye and Cecily Byrne are not amused at Tallulah Bankhead's success with the male members of the house party to which she has been invited solely to attract her ex-husband from the ingénue charms of Joan Matheson, who plays Miss Haye's grand-daughter*

What Mr. Rumpus and Mr. Jumpus have Said and How Much it Matters

By CECIL ROBERTS

AXEL MUNTHE, from a pastel by Countess Feo Gletchen. Since "The Story of San Michele" was published eighteen months ago, the critics have praised it and quoted it, some have endeavoured to analyze and classify it, in an attempt to give a name to that original quality which distinguishes this so successful volume. Some people have gone so far as to doubt whether there ever was such a person as Dr. Alex Munthe, and the author therefore has at long last, and after repeated refusals, consented to allow his portrait to be published

This week I have no discoveries to report, no enthusiasm to propagate. Ten new novels have failed to keep me up beyond midnight, and only the really bad ones stirred me to indignation. "How do such bad books get printed?" I keep asking myself. "Who buys them, who reads them?" One can only surmise that in the present chaotic condition of criticism there is a possibility of the very worst novel being proclaimed a miracle of delicate genius, to the delight of the author and the publisher. And always there is the certainly of diversity of opinion. What a work of genius is *Look Homeward Angel*, says one; what a sordid, pedestrian third-rate effort, declares another.

Those eminent critics, Mr. Rumpus and Mr. Jumpus, refined, home-loving gentlemen, with a passion for pornography, find in some new novel of loose living all those qualities that move them to looser praise. The old lady at the library, stirred by such eulogy, finds herself twentieth on the list, and long before she obtains the masterpiece Messrs. Rumpus and Jumpus have discovered something worthier or dirtier, more wonderful to read because more unreadable. And long ago, as any librarian will tell you, the old lady has ceased to be shockable. She ploughs steadily through her list, shrewdly surmising that there is as much wirepulling in the business of boosting books as in that of making Cabinets.

It is the fashion, nowadays, for publishers to insert on the jackets of their books a neat little synopsis of the story within. Whether this is to assist the lazy reviewer in looking intelligent without reading the book, to whet the appetite of the reader, or to make clear the author's narrative, I have not yet made up my mind. Unhappily, on the wrapper of the book which most needs it, there is no such guide-post. I have read Mr. G. K. Chesterton's *Four Faultless Felons* (Cassell. 7s. 6d.) with great care. To keep my head clear, between each of these four stories I have taken the dog out for a walk. One I read in the train, one in a punt, one in a chair, and one in bed. Nowhere was I at ease.

Let me not be misunderstood. I have the very greatest respect for Mr. G. K. Chesterton for his heroic task in remaining a figure in modern English literature, for his noble determination in writing what he likes to write, for his consistency in standing on his head and telling the world it is all upside down. But when I see Mr. Chesterton trying the tricks of the novelist I feel as I feel when I am watching an elephant standing on a barrel. It is very agile of the elephant, but it is not really what elephants are born for.

So it is with Mr. Chesterton in this novel. One cannot help reading it because this elephantine intellect is so nimble in the act of being unusual, but at the end of it all one cannot help wondering whether the nimbleness is not rather tiresome. In the first story the Governor of a province, Lord Tallboys, is shot at by a tutor, who is arrested for murder. He pleads he can be tried only for partial murder because he shot Lord Tallboys in the leg. Finally, he explains that he shot the Governor in order to save him. For the Governor was deaf and was walking towards a firing-ground. Since he could not hear any word of warning, the tutor shot him. That is the bare story. It is quite preposterous. Mr. Chesterton intends it to be preposterous, but unfortunately one feels terribly let down by this explanation because the author leads one to expect an astonishing dénouement.

Having watched a marvellous conjuror juggle with words, one does expect something to come out of the hat, particularly when so many paradoxes have been put into it. It may be that Mr. Chesterton is so fascinated by the journey that he quite forgets his destination. Certainly the narrative is vastly entertaining, though it leads one to a blank wall. If Mr. Chesterton must appear before us in the guise of a novelist we should we well warned not to expect a novel in the library sense of the word, but what we get may be much more remarkable—the pure Chesterton himself, bursting through the fantastic garments of his fiction.

Miss Rosamond Lehmann made a considerable stir with her first novel, *Dusty Answer*. After a lengthly silence she brings now *A Note in Music* (Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d.). The scene is set somewhere in the industrial north, and concerns the visitation of two young people, Hugh and Clare. The theme is somewhat akin to that of "Pippa Passes." It is based on the effect of these young people upon various married couples perturbed by their sprightly personalities. Unfortunately, Miss Lehmann appears to have joined the foggy school of fiction. Her characters, to whom one is never properly introduced, drift in and out. I got hopelessly muddled by her married couples, their children, an evanescent Oliver, and a stock consumptive prostitute. They wander in and out of each other's houses and gardens, begin conversations in the middle of their thoughts, are shuffled and reshuffled with a diffuseness that dizzies the brain.

But when Miss Lehmann wishes to desert the mood of a Whistler nocturne for the clear line of the etcher she can write well enough. The fifth part of her story is a most exquisite idyll of the countryside, of the daily life of the peasant, unforgettably drawn. Hugh, the evanescent, the hypnotic, is well suggested, and a tense scene between husband and wife, brought to open warfare by his passing, has the true ring of drama. I have no doubt the progress of thought was quite clear in Miss Lehmann's mind, but I do not think she has considered the reader sufficiently in the transference of that thought as she follows it through the minds of her characters. Again and again I find myself turning back to search out who it is she is writing about, often without satisfaction. It is all rather like an ill-marked underground station, with trains of thought rushing in every direction. The method of it, for I am sure it is method and not loose craftsmanship, requires much courage, and there are profundities of introspective thought that reveal Miss Lehmann as a patient and thorough observer, but I feel she could be much simpler and more effective.

Miss Lehmann is misty, but one gropes hopelessly in the utter chaos of Mr. John Dos Passos's new novel. Here is a deliberate hotchpot that for chaos and salaciousness makes Mr. James Joyce seem a mere Victorian. *The 42 Parallel* (Constable. 7s. 6d.) derives its name from the saying that "Storm travel along the 42nd parallel eastward towards the United States, and where they meet the ocean is New York." The book is divided into half-a-dozen narratives which lead up to the entry of America into the War. Each chapter is prefaced with a "newsreel," that is, the newspaper headlines of contemporary events, or by a "camera eye"—a quite unintelligible commentary from an illiterate observer. The only consistent aim throughout the whole book, which has little merit as a literary composition, seems to be the inevitable rape in which the characters indulge. The utter restlessness of American life is well conveyed, but I refuse to accept this chaotic book as at all faithful to life there in general. Drunkenness, fornication, blasphemy, boose, disease, are not the chief incidents in the life of a normal American, whose main characteristic is that he is rather puritanical. There are whole slabs of this book that read like introductions at a Rotary banquet. As the working notebook of a novelist it has some interest, but as an innovation in the form of the novel it is a complete failure. The same thing has been done much better, and with a certain beauty, in *The Spoon River Anthology*.

The publisher's "blurb" on the jacket of *Vallejo Kitty*, by Ann Knox (Constable. 7s. 6d.), prejudiced me against the book. "Kitty was a prostitute—but she became a peeress." I do not know whether this is supposed to be true, startling, or original. In the reign of Charles II this seemed quite the normal course of progress for a bright girl. But despite this warning, or enticement, I found myself gradually absorbed by the story of a San Francisco street girl who, having made her pile, takes a new name, becomes paying guest in the home of Lord Linstead, and ends by marrying and reforming an aristocratic young rake. Such is the brief outline, but in the telling of the story Miss Knox has shown a quick eye for character and a delightful freshness in observation.

I have recently been showing England to two American guests. The experience is an enlightening one. "Why does your traffic keep to the left?" I was asked. I have passed the question on for a fortnight without any answer. A sign "Dead Slow" filled them with wonder how anything dead could even be slow. One begins to see England with new eyes. So Kitty finds herself puzzled by the code of an English gentleman when Anthony, the man she loves, looks like having his career ruined because of an accusation of cheating at cards.

> "Simon says you can break your marriage vows, and the Ten Commandments, treat a woman rottenly, lie to her and deny you've ever met her. You can cut her dead before people who know you've had an affair with her, but it doesn't matter much, and you can still remain a member of your club—you see, that's not dishonourable. You can drink, too, and be as gross and beastly as you like, you can owe all the money in the world—but you mustn't cheat at cards."

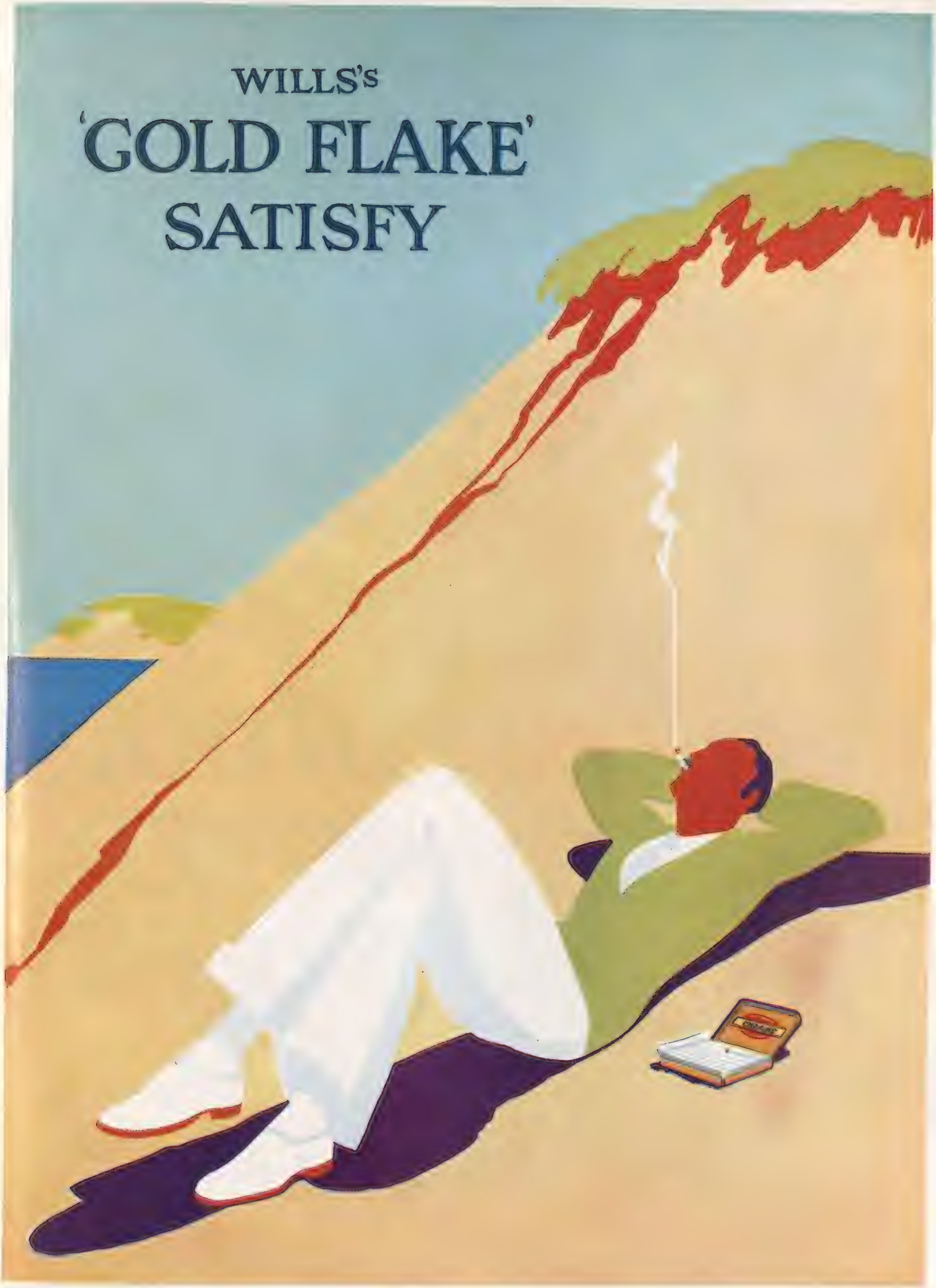
The book has great vitality, and the rise of Kitty is romance not too far removed from reality. The Linstead family are delightfully drawn. I cannot make out whether Miss Knox is English or American. She seems equally at home in both countries, and I find no lapses that betray her birthplace. Perhaps the period of the story should have been more clearly indicated. It is a little startling to find her bright young people riding in cabs and slanging the driver through the trap.

How tired I get of these young men who pride themselves on being "free" and "unconventional." Whenever they turn up in books you can be sure that you are meeting a cad of the first order. That is the feeling I have about the hero of Mr. Llewelyn Powys's *Apples Be Ripe* (Longmans. 7s. 6d.). Chris is unusual from the first: he becomes a schoolmaster and rebels. He thinks he falls in love with his employer's daughter, marries her, and then quite ruthlessly deserts her. There is a rather amusing, Fielding-like episode in which he is caught under the bed of a servant, and then follows an episode of chivalry that has come straight out of the pages of a nice mid-Victorian lady novelist with its simple peasant and good-squire-at-the-Hall setting.

Unhappily freedom, which consists of Chris sleeping out in the fields—a quite impossible feat, by the way, without any kind of covering, but somehow regarded as the normal mode for young reformers in fiction—in playing the flute in the true Oliver Goldsmith vein, also includes a complete right of infidelity. A farmer's daughter and a squire's wife in turn fire his extremely licentious mind. When he has seduced the squire's wife, again in the open air, he declares: "Flora, life has to offer no pleasure like that. Aristippus was right. It is the head, the crown of all delights." I dislike the dragging in of Aristippus as much as I dislike the young bounder who felt he must be free. Happily he dies of pneumonia in the last chapter, with his two loves lamenting an illegitimate child promised in the near future, and a sobbing countrywoman declaring that "the Lord will take en safe to thik girt Mansion what He 'ave prepared." It is strange the book should be so amateurish in its writing, so banal in its originality. There are passages that suggest Mr. Powys can sometimes think and write. The portrait of the cold Adele is quite well drawn.

Mr. J. Scott Hughes's *Ordeal by Air* (Longmans. 7s. 6d.) recalls vividly some days spent during the War with that amazing band of youngsters who went submarine chasing in their gasbags high above Milton Haven. The story of their life has never been properly told. I could wish that Mr. Hughes had not perverted his story by making it into a novel, for which he has no gift. As a narrative, the love part left out, the book is extremely interesting, and gives a vivid picture of the sensations of a forced landing at sea, and life with a Cornish air patrol. The loving young lady is as much in the way of the story as she would have been in the way of the air station. She was not even a Waac, and Mr. Hughes should have ordered her out of his pages, as I am certain his irascible S.N.O. would have done had he caught her decorating the neck of one of his ablest pilots.

WILLS'S
'GOLD FLAKE'
SATISFY



LOOK FOR THE RED RING

You can easily recognise the British-built Super Tyre. It is distinguished by a red ring where wall meets tread.

You want to see that red ring on *your* tyres. It denotes a standard of Strength, Safety and Mileage that only India Super Tyres can offer. It is also a definite insurance against tyre damage due to any causes whatever beyond your control.

Our confidence in India Super Tyres is endorsed by the fact that the demand is now world-wide.

We make nothing but Super Tyres—one thing only—the World's best.

Test your Tyres every Friday.

INDIA SUPER TYRES

India of Inchinnan

Master of Mileage

Concessionaires for Northern Ireland—
E. W. GWYNNE & CO.,
34, Gloucester Street, Belfast.
Telephone Belfast 310. Telegrams "Gwyntyre, Belfast"

Telephones
Paisley 4141-4145

Codes { Bentley's / A.B.C. (6th Edition) / Private

INDIA TYRE & RUBBER CO. (I.F.S.), LTD.,
7, Upper Liffey Street, Dublin, C.9

Telephone Dublin 43927 (2 lines) Telegrams "Indityre, Dublin"

Telegrams and Cables
"Indiaowl, Inchinnan, Renfrew"

INDIA TYRE & RUBBER CO. (Great Britain), LTD.,
INCHINNAN SCOTLAND

THE WORLD OF WOMEN

A COMPLETE WEEKLY SECTION OF "THE SPHERE"
INCORPORATING A WIDE VARIETY OF FEMININE INTERESTS

COLOUR, the Talisman of Interior Decoration

By DEREK PATMORE

Pictures by Millar and Harris

A charming sitting-room, designed by Curtis Moffat, shows some effective contrasts of colour. The covers are in red and white and the walls are covered in a new grey and red material

Colour will always be all-important in interior decoration. The use of colour can either make or ruin a room, and it depends entirely on you and how you use your imagination and taste as to which of these two things it accomplishes. And colour and effects cannot be bought. It is a gift that belongs to everybody, whether they are rich or poor.

Probably many of us when we look around our homes would like to make a clean sweep of all the furniture we dislike and redecorate our homes from top to bottom again. Unfortunately, most of us will have to be content in making the few improvements we feel we can afford, and this is where colour comes to our aid. It is astounding how you can alter the whole character of your rooms by just introducing a note of colour into them. Perhaps you will merely change the colour of your curtains, or place a differently shaded rug on the floor, or give your cushions new covers in one of the latest fabrics, or repaint or distemper your walls. Even such comparatively slight alterations as these can make all the difference to your home.

Colour and its uses and effects is a fascinating subject, and will well repay any study you may care to give it. We are all extremely sensitive to colours. Colours even affect us psychologically, and this is the reason why some colours make us feel happy, whilst others will depress us. You should always try and live in rooms decorated in colours you like yourself, as these shades will give you most pleasure and repose. Do not be afraid of using your favourite colours in your home; too many people allow themselves to be influenced by their friends into using so-called fashionable colours which probably, in their innermost hearts, they dislike intensely!

Now to the more practical applications of colour. First of all, there is the ever-present problem of the dark-room. Most of us have a dark and uninteresting room in our homes due to the fact that we live in a northern climate and that the majority of windows in Great Britain are badly arranged and much too small. For example, some time ago I was shown over a beautiful house belonging to a friend. The house was very well decorated and unusually attractive, but when we came to the dining-room—which was on the ground floor with windows looking out on to the street, my friend excused herself by saying: "I'm afraid we could not do very much to this room. You see it's far too dark and gets very little light because of the houses opposite."

We went into the room. No wonder the room was dark and rather dull, for although it was quite large the walls had been painted a dark brown and the curtains were made of a deep red and gold material. The floor was stained dark brown, and the furniture was of polished mahogany — the chairs being upholstered in red, and finally the curtains had been finished off with deep pelmets that excluded even more light than was necessary.

Now, if my friend had used a brighter colour scheme the effect of the room would have been completely different. Her worst mistake was to make the walls brown. In a dark room you should always use colours that will introduce as much light as possible, such as primrose yellow, light green, or buff walls with a touch of lacquer red or orange in the woodwork. Blue is a cold colour, and for this reason should only be used in very light or sunny rooms. Finally, in dark rooms it is better to use light woods such as plain unvarnished oak in preference to polished walnut or mahogany, and curtains in such rooms should be made of some light material that will not keep too much light out of the rooms. Red, brown, dark greens, and mauves must be avoided in dark rooms.

Colour will also help you make small rooms appear much larger. If you paint or distemper the walls *and* ceiling the same shade it will be found that this gives the room a greater sense of unity and increases the sense of space. This impression will be helped if you use only one or two colours in your scheme of decoration, applying this even to curtains, cushions, and covers. For example, a small bedroom, seen recently, had walls and ceiling painted a light apple green, and the curtains and bed-cover had been made of a rich emerald green, whilst the modern carpet on the floor had a design carried out in varying tones of green ranging from deep emerald to olive green and a light chartreuse green. And the effect of the room was very unusual and attractive.

Another view of the room shown above. The carpet is composed of various shades of brown and buff, and the piano is red lacquer

Finally, colour can frequently be introduced into a room by merely placing several pieces of modern glass or china about the room. Tall fluted glass flower vases in rich sapphire blue, deep crimson, or a cool watery green will add a touch of colour and distinction to any room. Modern rugs, with their vivid and striking geometrical designs, and modern silks and linens with their endless combinations of rich colours and brilliantly original designs will all help you to bring colour into your home at very little expense.

The WORLD of WOMEN—(cont.)

The GOBELIN TAPESTRY—

Its Modern Role

Described by HARRIET DICKSON

Gobelins or picture-carpets, to give them their earlier name, may perhaps seem strangely out of place in the twentieth century, but there are not lacking signs that the very qualities of spaciousness and luxury which made them so much sought after years and years ago are bringing them back as a most desirable form of room decoration. The severity of the recent furnishing trend, bare walls and the absence of the ornate, generally speaking, have paved the way for the magnificence which only one of these woven carpets can give, while the very commendable attribute of labour-saving brings such a possession at once into line with modern demands.

In days past when the Gobelin was more extensively used it was the common practice—for royalty and the wealthy it must be admitted—to have whole suites of apartments hung with luxuriant carpets.

Nor is it perhaps difficult to understand the fascination which these wall-carpets exercised. Goethe, for one, relates how "he stood so entranced, so absorbed in the contemplation of the Gobelins which decorated Marie Antoinette's reception rooms in Strasburg that he saw nothing of the festivities."

The finding after the War of the nine hundred tapestries in the royal palaces of Vienna still reads like a romance. Europe buzzed with the excitement of the discovery when the Gobelins were first hung in public. All the glory and glamour of three centuries of Flemish weaving had been brought back to life. The world had not known that they even existed. Still less did Vienna ever suspect her heritage, but whatever the shortcomings of the House of Hapsburg it can never be said of them that they neglected the arts.

Collectors and art enthusiasts of the present day offer fabulous sums for one such tapestry. A few stray into the open market, but only a few, and one is left to wonder how many hundreds and thousands of picture-carpets were really made.

Though the choice of motif indeed depends on architectural environment, on the general furnishing scheme of the house and on the furniture destined to accompany it, there is an infinite variety of design, be the tapestry favoured old or new. The old had their mythological tales, their sagas and legends. Religious subjects were overwhelmingly used, for the first carpets were made for hanging in churches or for special festival days. The old Gothic carpets (pictures) give a glowing picture of life in the Middle Ages. It is to these eleventh- and twelfth-century examples that the historian turns for an insight into the dress and manners, the philosophy and literature of the times.

Religious subjects have now vanished into the background, though they are still woven as the illustrations show. The new motifs are mostly concerned with Nature, the human figure omitted. That urge towards landscape tapestry is probably due to the re-introduction of the wall-carpet as a form of room decoration, no less than the desire to bring Nature herself within the four walls.

The perspective qualities of a modern product are seen in the "Heron" tapestry from Vienna. It is full of beautiful movement carrying one beyond the shore. There are subtle blendings of green and blue and palest pink where the artist has captured his horizon.

Architecture, again, is an even newer note. A most charming effect is achieved in a living-room, where a series of country scenes are hung panelwise round the walls. A distant castle surrounded by woods, a spacious park, water, and flowers, each carpet shows varying glimpses of this country idyll, while the view through the French windows on to a real lawn is a successful attempt to bring Nature nearer.

Hunting scenes introduce the feeling of movement which is a latter-day Gobelin essential, but there is something of the mythological too about "The Chase," another Vienna tapestry. Like the Coptic weavers of the early Christian era, who favoured hunting motifs, this is a design by Edmund Dulac, from *The Book of the Pearl*. It is an ambitious work, a gorgeous display of gold and silver thread finely woven, and with just a touch of the Middle Ages about its theme. And what a splendid background it would make for some spacious library!

Compared with the older carpets the modern landscape tapestry achieves a quality which makes it admirable for its new furnishing purpose, namely, the quality of distance. They have the best of them, a choice and quite remarkable idea of perspective, heightening, and broadening the room which they adorn. They bring with them, too, an atmosphere of repose. A living-room, for instance, with a long-distance scene, sea and sky, birds on the wings, ships, some movement incorporate in Nature, and the room stretches out beyond its own four walls.

"The Hunt," by Edmund Dulac, taken from *The Book of the Pearl*, an ambitious modern tapestry with a gold and silver background

"Herons," by Andersen, is distinguished by great beauty of colouring and command of perspective

"The Baptism of Christ," one of the oldest Gobelins in the former Imperial collection, dating from about 1500

"Hail, King of the Jews!" A religious tapestry of the modern school

A very valuable and beautiful old Gothic carpet from the Figdor collection. It represents the Madonna and Child, and is dated 1500

Pictures by permission of the Vienna Art Museum and the Vienna Gobelin Manufactory

THE WORLD OF WOMEN — (continued)

Where bread is cut neatly there is no waste. This home bread machine, which costs 12s. 9d., is obtainable from Gamage of Holborn

At the small outlay of 1s. meat or milk may be protected from flies while cook is engaged with other things. From Harrods of Knightsbridge

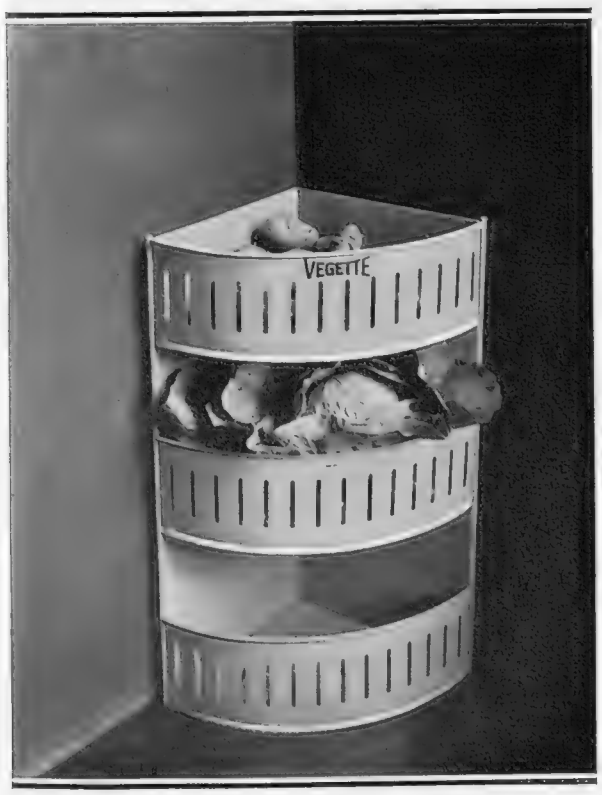
A boudoir carpet-sweeper at 24s. 6d. meets all needs in the small home. From Waring and Gillow of Oxford Street

Just turn the table round and help yourself. This Revolving Waiter is obtainable for 21s. at Gamage of Holborn, in various artistic colourings, and meets every need at an informal meal

Burns and scalds are banished by the use of the quick strainer saucepan, which costs 6s. 3d. Saucepan and strainer are in one. Waring and Gillow

USEFUL AND PRACTICAL ACCESSORIES for the HOME

The latest of household "Gadgets" specially collected by Marie Welch-Davies for "The Sphere"



"Vegetle" means a hygienic vegetable-holder costing 12s. at Waring and Gillow of Oxford Street. It is of hard enamel which can easily be washed down when needed

Washing and peeling potatoes at the same time, this new invention, costing 21s. at Gamage, is distinctly a thief of drudgery

The SPHERE of TRAVEL

LAND of MIST and SUNSHINE

Wanderings in Lesser-known Brittany

By CLIVE HOLLAND

Brittany has been well named "the land of mist and sunshine," for along its coasts, not only in autumn but sometimes during the hot days of summer, the sea wrack hangs like diaphanous veilings to be pierced here and there with brilliant shafts of sunshine disclosing, like the movements of a great kaleidoscope, golden beaches, jade-green turf-clad headlands, and rocky promontories washed by an azure sea.

But Brittany is not merely a "land of mist and sunshine," it is also one of quaint villages, ancient and historic towns, charming scenery, and, in its remote parts, of picturesque costumes and customs. In a word, it is a delightful touring ground.

Perhaps the best way by which to enter Brittany is through the ancient port of St. Malo, which preserves to-day very much of its medieval character and is still completely surrounded by fifteenth-century walls along which one can walk, obtaining from them unrivalled views of the bay and coast-line and across to Dinard. It is because of these walls that St. Malo remains to-day very much as it did when it was the home of pirates and privateers of old, who ravaged the coasts of Devon and Cornwall and preyed upon English shipping as it entered the Channel. The town has not extended beyond its walls to any degree, and within them one has the quaint and picturesque seaport with narrow by-streets and overhanging roofs and an atmosphere of a bygone age that is very intriguing. The town itself, with its narrow streets, turning this way and that, and many of them mere stairways flanked by lofty houses, is busy with trade, with tiny street-markets to give notes of colour.

The quaint Grande Rue, with the framed vista of the church dating from the twelfth century at the end of it, is the haunt of artists. The beautiful spire, which one glimpses long before the town comes into view when approaching it from the sea, came to it by mistake, for it was meant by its donor, Napoleon III, for the Church of St. Malo at Dinan, and not for the church at St. Malo.

Across the rock-dotted bay lies Dinard, the fashionable summer resort of English and Parisians with all the gaiety and colour that the French and demands of modern times have brought to the seaside.

A few miles up the picturesque River Rance, which embouches into the bay of St. Malo lies Dinan, also an ancient and walled town with its far-famed, steeply-climbing rue de Jerzual and its memories of Bertrand du Guesclin.

On the south is the river, flowing a jade-green ribbon through the valley a sheer 250 ft. below the plateau on which Dinan stands. Quaint houses and an air of ancient peace distinguish the town in which Anne of Brittany loved to spend her time.

The Bretons are a religious race, and in the streets above the shops are here and there to be seen wooden figures of saints, while above the opening of the great Porte de Jerzual is a shrine, a lovely little image in an ornamental box.

A string of ancient and beautiful towns leads one onwards into Brittany through Lamballe, from which the unfortunate princess, done to death during the Revolution in the streets of Paris by a mob, took her title. Perched on a perpendicular rock and overshadowing the town is the Church of Notre Dame, dating from 1220. The interior is delightful and of very beautiful architecture, and few who enter it fail to experience its charm.

In Guingamp, with its beautiful Church of Notre Dame-de-Bon-Secours, famous for its wonderful sculptured portal, one can look into the heart of much that is truly Breton.

Then in the dusk, fitfully lit by the light of candles, which throw huge shadows of the pilgrims upon the walls as the great procession wends its way through the narrow, shadow-haunted streets chanting hymns, one sees fashionable women, of the Paris boulevards walking side by side with girls in sabots, shawls, and white caps; and men of affairs from Paris, marching side by side with the blue-bloused *ouvrier*, or the jolly-faced Breton farmer, wearing a black velvet mushroom-shaped hat, from which depend long streamers of black velvet ribbon. In the lower town, where runs the pretty little River Trieux, one gets many vistas reminiscent of Bruges.

Onward by a long straight but fairly picturesque road—or, of course, by rail—and one reaches that old pirate haunt, Morlaix, several times raided by the English in the far-off days of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, a place of historic note, and partly built on the cliff-like and rocky sides of the valley.

Not far away on the coast lies a delightful little spot, a resort in the making, known as St. Jean du-Doight, a tiny village set a very short distance back from its sickle-shaped bay of golden sands and possessed of a wonderful old church among the relics in which is a finger of the saint who gives his name to the village.

Southward and westward one comes to almost unknown Gumiliau, a tiny village where there is an ancient church with amazing carvings round the doorway, including one of Adam and Eve in the form of a woman half-serpent, and a calvary and a well-preserved ostuary. The former is one of the most curious and wonderful in Brittany. Erected about 1600, it contains more than 135 figures representing many Biblical incidents. In the carvings one notices many anachronisms, for one man in Breton costume is seen playing upon a *biniou*, or Breton whistle, on his road to the Crucifixion!

Then one make's one's way to Landivisiall with its church of beautiful porches and its old bridge bordered with a row of houses.

And then southward through charming scenery and with vistas of deeply fretted coastline and blue water where the Atlantic meets the land, to Daoulas a quaint little port—and to Le Faou, Chateaulin, which lies in the pleasant valley of the Aulne, to Douarnenez, the chief port of the sardine fishery. Not only are the fishing-boats delightfully picturesque as they lie in harbour swinging with the tide and tugging at their moorings, or alongside the *quais*, throwing sharp reflections on the still water, but the girls and women in their white caps and peasant costumes give life and interest to the port, whose old chapel of St. Michel should not be overlooked.

Magnificent pictures of land and sea are obtained in the Daoulas Peninsula, and when the fishing-boats come home at eventide and the *quais* of the little ports and havens are lit with the waning and reddened rays of the setting sun, which glints on the white caps of the fisherwomen, one has a scene the mysterious beauty and strangeness of which is not easily forgotten.

Quimper, town of wonderful clothes, a delight to artists, is not far distant, picturesquely situated at the foot of Mont Frugny.

Years ago Horace Annesley Vachell, the novelist, gave the world a story of artist life with the somewhat cryptic title of *The Face of Clay*, and ever since we are told people have come to the little town of Pont Aven, in which the scene of the novel was partly laid, out of interest and curiosity. Pont Aven is one of the most charming spots in Brittany, beautifully situated on a tiny stream, and with tree-clad hillsides. Fragrant memories remain for many who knew Pont Aven in the old days when the Pension Julia and its *terrasse* were in summertime crowded with artists, both famous and unknown, who paid or did not pay their scores—according to their comparative affluence or indigence—and who never failed to find in the late Mlle Julia a generous friend as well as a delightful and intelligent hostess.

OF THE OLD SCHOOL: A splendid specimen of Breton peasantry

DEVOTIONAL PEASANTRY: A singularly spiritual Breton type

BRITTANY'S PORT FROM THE SEA: A mermaid's impression of the fascinating sea-town of St. Malo

YOUR AUTUMN HOLIDAY?

In constantly increasing numbers readers of "The Sphere" are availing themselves of the free service offered by "The Sphere" Travel Bureau.

This admirably equipped and efficiently staffed Bureau exists for the dissemination of information and unbiased advice concerning travel and hotels at home and abroad. It does not sell tickets or book accommodation, but it acts as "guide, philosopher, and friend" to the prospective tourist.

Inquiries are answered promptly and comprehensively, and should be accompanied by 3d. in stamps to cover postage of booklets, etc.

"THE SPHERE"
Travel Bureau,
Inveresk House, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2

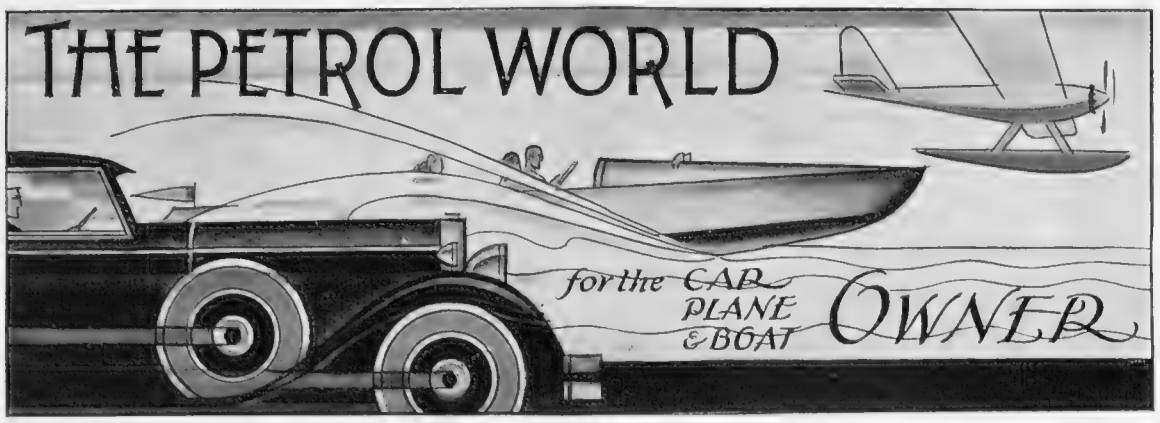
BRITTANY DE LUXE: A nocturne by the new mosaic bathing pool of Dinard, beside which are ranked the tables and chairs of the restaurant

THE SOUTH AFRICAN HOLIDAY

A noted medical authority, writing recently of sea-voyaging, as the true antidote of city life, described it as a rhythm of living, of eating and of sleeping, which in turn induces a rhythm of thinking. There is a monotony in ocean travel which may oppress at first, but later heals and soothes. The restful influence of ocean horizons and the invigorating effects of sea air, day after day, replenish mind and body alike.

It is these benefits of sea-voyaging that have helped to bring the South African Holiday into such general favour, but the ocean trip is merely a prelude to the fuller change of climate, scenes and interests in this Dominion of sunshine, health and happiness.

"Holiday Tours in South Africa" is an informative little book on this new field of travel which will be gladly sent ***post free*** on application to The Director, Publicity and Travel Bureau, South Africa House, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C. 2, and the leading Tourist Agencies.

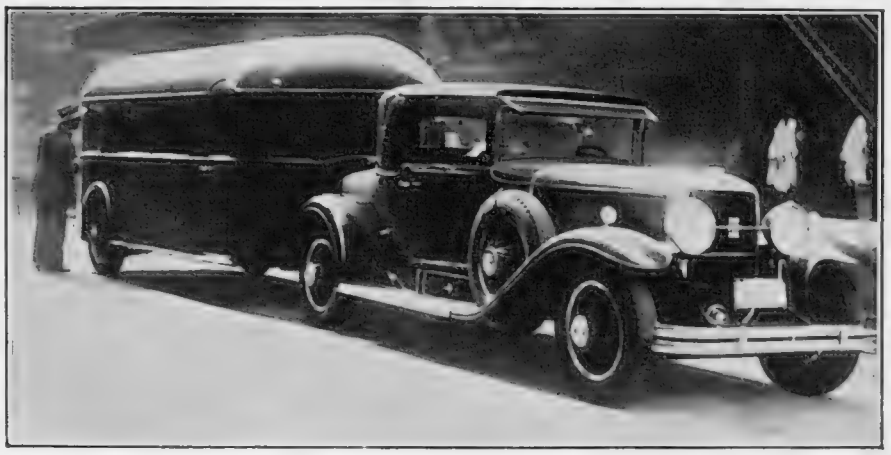


The Petrol World on LAND conducted by A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands, and Special Motoring Correspondent of "The Sphere")

AMAZING IMAGINATION. — Ever since newspapers were first introduced they have had what is come to be known as their "silly" season. During this period we are accustomed to read of the annual visit of the giant sea-serpent or of the man who is making preparations to be shot into the moon by a rocket. No one is any the worse for these flights of imagination and we all read them with the greatest of good humour. Lately there has been a development which is also amazing, and I would like to point it out, in case there may be some people who look upon everything appearing in print as being strictly accurate. The development referred to is a motoring "silly" season, which appears to coincide as regards time with that devoted to general subjects. Only the other day—in my morning paper—I read with great glee how the motoring correspondent was able to reveal on that particular morning the wonderful plans of British motor manufacturers for the ensuing year. Terrific and important head-lines splashed right across the page, and the article was given the place of honour so that all the stage was set to add impressiveness to the announcement. I can truthfully say that when I had finished reading the article I was no wiser than I was at the start. This is really not surprising, because the motor-car to-day has reached such a stage that nothing very startling is likely to develop suddenly. I have no doubt that further attempts will be made in our daily papers to make unimportant alterations in design appear to be events of great magnitude. 1931 will not be any more exciting in the way of design or alteration than has any previous year been during the last decade. Manufacturers will improve their cars in detail, which is all as it should be, so that when we read that new cars are being built which will never wear out we can look upon it as so much "bunk." The everlasting car will arrive for the use of the public just about the same time as the secret of perpetual motion is revealed.

A TENDENCY TO SAMENESS.—Not so long ago American cars were so similar in appearance that it was difficult to differentiate between one make and another. All radiators appeared to have been turned out of the same mould, and as that is the part of the car which is usually the most distinctive it was difficult to pick out any particular make as it passed along the road. British cars were easy enough to detect, but I notice a tendency at the moment to similarity between the radiator designs of some of our more popular cars. The Daimler Company were the first to put a bright strip of metal down the centre of their radiator. Two Coventry firms have now adopted the same idea, and of course one of our most popular 'bus chassis has a radiator embodying the same idea. I do hope that this does not mean that all manufacturers will copy, first of all because it shows great lack of originality, and secondly, it is apt to become most confusing. For next season I should not be surprised to find that more British manufacturers will copy the Chrysler idea of covering most of the radiator sides with the bonnet, and of fitting radiator shutters in front. I cannot see any great advantage in the former, but the latter is eminently sensible from every point of view.



Long Distance and Luxury: In America the trailer is frequently and successfully employed and may well spread to this country. That shown above at the tail of a Cadillac coupé is a two-wheeler swivel-attached completely appointed coach which provides freedom of movement and arm-chair comfort. A high average speed is maintained

A STANDARD WORTH FOLLOWING.—The Standard Motor Company have issued their programme for 1931, and it proves to be more than usually interesting. Perhaps the most popular model that this company has produced for many a long day is their 9-h.p. chassis. This is being retained but will be known as the "Big Nine," because extra accommodation is provided: in fact for an engine so small the size of the car is remarkable. The track has been increased by three inches, which not only gives more room for the occupants but adds greatly to the stability of the car. On all Standard models, including the Nine, a new type of radiator and bonnet has been adopted. It is higher and more imposing than before, and in general design is much neater than its predecessor.

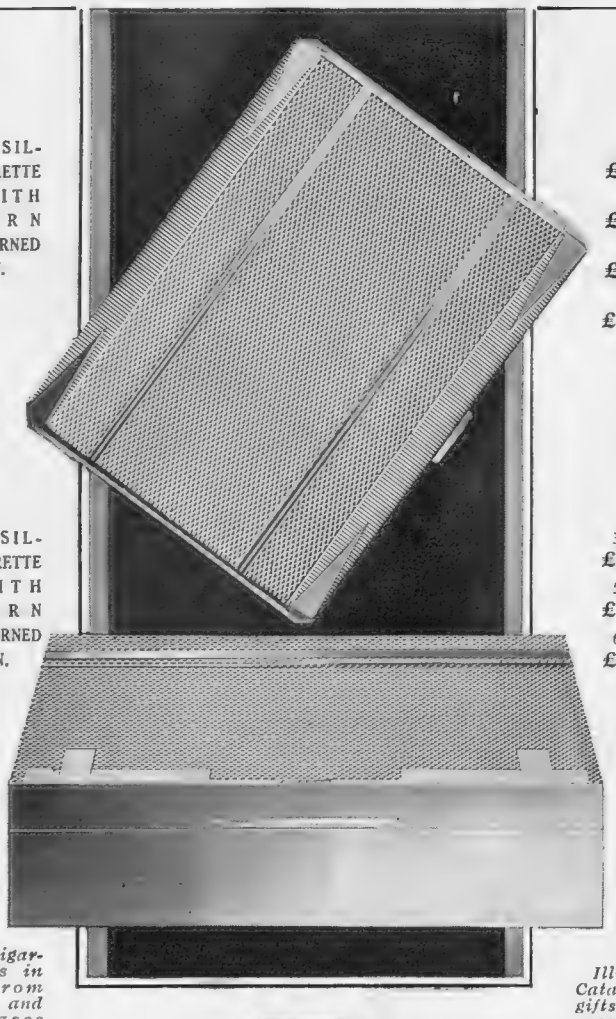
(Continued on page 400)

STERLING SILVER CIGARETTE CASE WITH MODERN ENGINE-TURNED DESIGN.

$3\frac{1}{4}\times2\frac{3}{8}$ £2 5 0
$3\frac{1}{4}\times3\frac{3}{8}$ £3 2 6
$3\frac{1}{4}\times4\frac{1}{4}$ £4 5 0
$3\frac{1}{4}\times5$ £4 17 6

STERLING SILVER CIGARETTE BOX WITH MODERN ENGINE-TURNED DESIGN.

$3\frac{3}{8}\times3\frac{1}{4}\times1\frac{7}{8}$ £2 17 6
$5\frac{1}{4}\times3\frac{1}{4}\times1\frac{7}{8}$ £3 17 6
$6\frac{3}{8}\times3\frac{1}{4}\times1\frac{7}{8}$ £4 17 6



Silver Cigarette Cases in stock from £1 0 0 and Gold Cases from £7 15 0

Illustrated Catalogue of gifts for men sent upon application.

The GOLDSMITHS & SILVERSMITHS COMPANY LTD

Jewellers and Silversmiths to H.M. The King

112 Regent Street, London, W.1 112

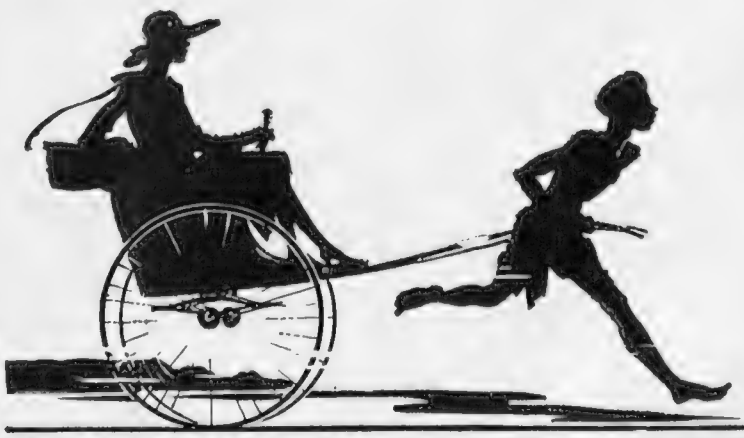
(At the Corner of Glasshouse Street)

BIBBY LINE

WINTER SUNSHINE TOURS

EGYPT and CEYLON.

FORTNIGHTLY SAILINGS. First-Class Only.



Write for Illustrated Booklet to 26 CHAPEL STREET LIVERPOOL
BIBBY BROS & Co 22 PALL MALL LONDON S.W.1

The product of an All-British firm

Britons work with enthusiasm only when making the finest. It is not enough to take pride in producing less than our best—the world's best.

The making of CASTROL gives satisfaction to many; its use has given pleasure to all.

The name is honoured: it is a motoring tradition. Never, for lack of effort, shall the supremacy of Castrol wane.

WAKEFIELD

CASTROL

MOTOR OIL

C. C. WAKEFIELD & CO., LTD., *All-British* Firm. Wakefield House, Cheapside, London, E.C.2.

BERMUDA

MADEIRA

BAHAMAS

CUBA

Six Golden Weeks of Sun-Ray Cruising

Come out on a voyage of discovery to the West Indies, and revel in the glorious sunshine and luxuriant beauty of these colourful coral Isles—each a shimmering jewel set in the turquoise vastness of the Western Atlantic.

The magnificent Cruise Ship, "Duchess of Richmond" (20,000 tons oil-burner), leaves Liverpool on 21st January, 1931 (from Bristol, Jan. 22nd), on this leisurely six weeks' cruise. Visiting Barbados, Trinidad, Venezuela, Curaçao, Panama, Jamaica, Cuba, Bahamas, Bermuda, Madeira.

Inclusive fare from £95. First Class throughout. Reserve now. For descriptive booklet and cabin plans write or call,

A. L. Powell, Cruise Dept.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

World's Greatest Travel System

62-65, CHARING CROSS, LONDON, S.W.1

Offices throughout the World.

Always carry Canadian Pacific Travellers Cheques—safe and convenient.

TRINIDAD

VENEZUELA

Tuscany Italy

"A Corner of Paradise"

PISA...

Thirty minutes from Viareggio and Montecatini. Piazza del Duomo; a miracle of marble emerging from a carpet of verdure.

MONTECATINI-TERME

Most luxurious thermal baths of healing waters. Marvellous waters for affections of the liver, intestines, stomach and kidneys.

FLORENCE

The Mecca of Art lovers. The finest Art Galleries in the World. Enchanting in Autumn. Live in Florence . . . love Florence . . . never leave Florence!

PRATO

Fifteen minutes from Florence. Masterpieces by Donatello, Lippi, Giambologna.

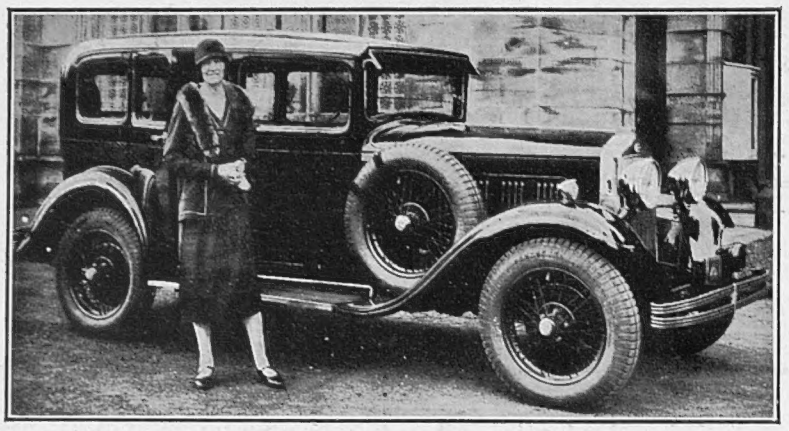
VIAREGGIO

The great "Plage" of cosmopolitan society. Situated in the midst of pines and palms, against a fascinating background of mountains.

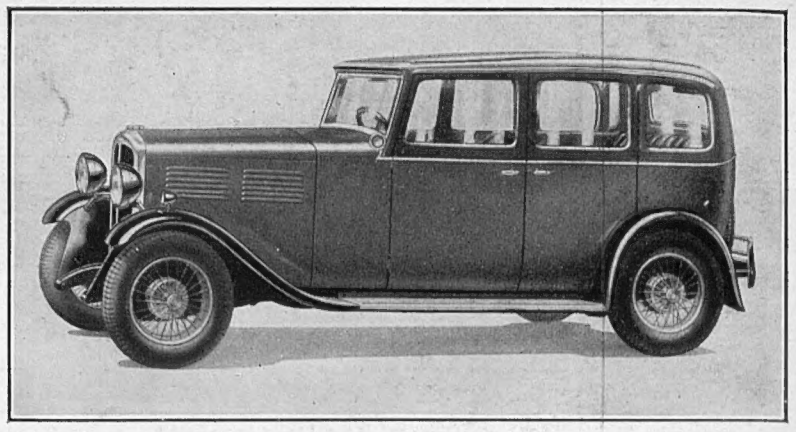
For Free Information apply:
"MOVIMENTO FORESTIERI"
Via Vecchietti 6, FIRENZE.
ASK FOR "FLORENCE WEEKLY." FREE WEEKLY INFORMATION BULLETIN.

Havas.

The PETROL World



An Antipodean Wolseley: Lady Game, the wife of Sir Philip Game, the Governor of New South Wales, outside Government House, Sydney, with her new 21/60-h.p. model



Maintaining a Standard: The Standard Big Nine fabric saloon of which Mr. Bradley writes in the accompanying article, and which retails at the low price of £215

By A. PERCY BRADLEY

(*Continued from preceding page*)

The old underslung, worm-driven back axle has been replaced by one operated by spiral bevels. Marles steering is now fitted as standard, and other improvements include finger-tip controls, battery and coil ignition, more efficient brakes, improved luggage-carrier, and as regards the body, nicer lines and appearance, three inches wider seating accommodation, improved interior finish and fittings, and arm-rests on the rear seat. Several models, varying in price, are listed, the cheapest being the Popular fabric saloon, with three-speed gear-box which sells at £195. The most expensive of the Nines is the coachbuilt saloon Special, which has a four-speed gear-box with a silent third, and this sells at £255.

THE ENSIGN 6-CYLINDER MODEL.—This is quite new, but in general lay-out and design the chassis is similar to this year's Envoy models. As a matter of fact, the dimensions of the chassis are smaller, so that the Ensign is a lighter job than the old Envoy, though the size of the engine remains the same. This gives a fast, silent motor-car with outstanding acceleration. The engine has 6 cylinders, and the gear-box, which provides four forward speeds, has a close ratio silent third gear. The bodies on this 6-cylinder chassis are interchangeable with those on the 9-h.p. models, though the upholstery on the Special Ensigns will be in real furniture hide.

ABRAHAM'S CITY IN THE TIME OF THE FLOOD

(*Continued from p.* 374)

did before and . . . subsequently in history." Although to the casual glance the photographs of the clay female figurines would not appear to be as noteworthy as some of the other objects reproduced on this page, yet from the point of view of Dr. Woolley, "in one respect they are the most remarkable things yet discovered at Ur, because they have an element in them that none of the other early finds have got. It has been very striking that in the royal cemetery there have been practically no objects found to which any religious significance could safely be attributed. Here, going back many, many centuries beyond the time of the royal cemetery, are found in the graves of the earliest people to settle in Mesopotamia figures which must have a religious connection." As the heads of the figurines are non-human, if not absolutely inhuman, it is thought the figures may represent some goddess or demon. These strange ladies or demons are additionally noticeable for their extraordinarily wide shoulders and curious rabbit-like slot-eyes. They have been dressed in some gauzy, transparent fabric like the Egyptian ladies of old—there is a clear indication of some hip garment. The dainty poise of the hand upon the hip will arrest the attention of any sculptor who visits the gallery. Taken as a whole, the Exhibition throws a new light on The Deluge in Mesopotamia and on the conditions of life immediately precedent and subsequent to that event. It thus forms a continuous record of Ur from the earliest settlement in the marshlands to the time when the temples built in Nebuchadnezzar's reign, about 600 B.C., were falling into decay. The Expedition has thus, again to quote Dr. Woolley, "been able to straighten out the tangled skein of early history and establish the archæology of Sumer, from the beginnings up to the First Dynasty of Ur, upon a sound basis of discovered fact."

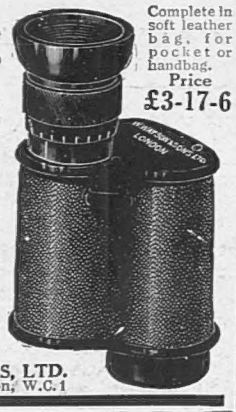
THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

The Shaftesbury Homes and *Arethusa* Training Ship has for eighty-seven years been continuously removing young children from desolation and all that this means, to loving care, with good education in delightful homes. Every child helped means one more good English citizen. Funds are urgently needed to help in this great work. Please send a donation to the General Secretary, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

Something new & better!

WATSON'S

"VEDET" Pocket Prism TELESCOPE



Complete in soft leather bag, for pocket or handbag. Price £3-17-6

Wherever you would have used binoculars you can use a Watson's "VEDET." Gives equal definition, magnification, and far easier focusing than bulky, heavy binoculars. Of same construction as prism binoculars but consisting of one barrel only. An ideal companion that can be taken with you on all occasions, making the sudden happening easily discernible and enjoyable. Is but 4 ins. long and weighs 7 ozs. Magnification 8 diameters.

Write for full particulars:
W. WATSON & SONS, LTD.
313, High Holborn, London, W.C.1

AUSTRALIA.
TRAVEL BY
THE MAIL ROUTE and THE MAIL STEAMERS
of the
ORIENT LINE,
calling at
GIBRALTAR, TOULON, NAPLES, EGYPT, and COLOMBO.
Through Tickets to NEW ZEALAND & TASMANIA
Tickets interchangeable with other Lines.
SHORT HOLIDAY TRIPS
to
SPAIN, RIVIERA, ITALY.
Managers: ANDERSON, GREEN & Co., Ltd.
Head Office: 5, Fenchurch Avenue, London, E.C.3

How to dress well on £1 per month.
Open a credit account with "Smartwear." No deposit and no references required. Visit our Extensive Showrooms for the latest fashions. Ladies' Gowns, Coats, Furs and Two- & Three-Piece Suits. Furs renovated by Artist Furriers at 20% less than charged by any West End Stores.
Write for our Catalogue, sent post free, (Dept. A 20)
Smartwear Ltd., Radnor House, 93-97 Regent St., London, W.1
Telephone: Regent 2371/2

For cleaning Silver, Electro Plate &c.
Goddard's Plate Powder
Sold everywhere 6d 1/- 2/- & 4/-

TRIUMPH
Super Seven
The finest small car in the world.

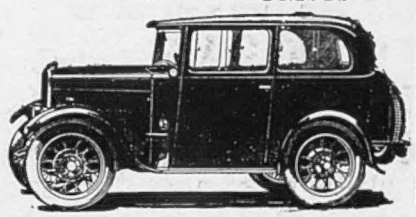
QUALITY and performance prove the Triumph Super Seven to be the finest small car in the world. Features include Lockheed hydraulic brakes, 3-bearing crankshaft, safety glass windscreen, pneumatic upholstery on most models, chromium plating, etc.

Models from £162 10 0 or £45 9 6 down.

Write for the 1930 Catalogue.

Lucas electrical equipment and Dunlop tyres standard.

The HALL MARK *of the motor industry is the name* TRIUMPH



Triumph Motor Co., Ltd., Coventry. London: 218, Gt. Portland St., W. 1. (1st Floor.)

Shampoo the CUTICURA *way*

What a delightful and healthful shampoo it gives! Anoint the scalp lightly with CUTICURA OINTMENT; then make a strong suds with CUTICURA SOAP by dissolving shavings of the SOAP in hot water. Wet the hair thoroughly, then shampoo with the suds and rinse, several times, finishing with tepid or cold water. This will keep your scalp in a healthy condition, and your hair will be soft and lustrous.

Cuticura Soap 1s. Ointment 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d. Talcum 1s. 3d. British Depot: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 31, Banner St., London, E. C. 1.

Why go Grey?
HINDES' HAIR TINT
Hindes' Hair Tint restores grey or faded hair to its original colour forthwith—brown, dark-brown, light-brown or black. It is permanent and washable, has no grease, and does not burn the hair. It is used by over a million people. Medical certificate accompanies each bottle. Chemists, Hairdressers & Stores, 2/6 or direct:
HINDES, LTD., 60, Parker Street, Kingsway, London.

DAINTY BIRTHDAY BOOKS BIJOU EDITIONS
Size: 2⅛ inches by 1¾ inches, in various bindings, from 1/6 net.
Supplied by all Booksellers.
EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE (Publishers), Ltd., 6, Gt. New St., London, E.C. 4

STAMPS Fine Selection of the Rare Stamps of all countries sent on approval, at 9d. in the 1/- discount off catalogue prices.
G. H. Waitt, "The Outspan," Whitstable, Kent

At Anuradhapura

THE MAGIC ISLAND!
Come to Ceylon this Winter! Around the corner, away from its fine hotels, good roads and modern luxury, lies a world of ancient magic... the remains of great temples and golden palaces, vast monasteries with floors worn smooth by the pious feet of countless pilgrims during two thousand years!
A special Eight Weeks' Holiday has been planned for you by P & O. It includes your First Class Fare out and home, hotels in Ceylon, use of a private car with chauffeur, tips and guides' fees. The tour costs £170.
TO CEYLON BY P & O
Let us tell you more about this enchanting journey. Apply P & O Tours (F. H. Grosvenor, Manager), 14, Cockspur St., London, S.W. 1, or P & O, 130, Leadenhall Street, London, E.C. 3

Lamson

Printed by EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE, LTD., *His Majesty's Printers*, at East Harding Street, London, E.C., and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., Inveresk House, 346, Strand, London, W.C. 2. *August* 30, 1930. Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.

"King George IV"
It Speaks for Itself
A "Sound" Production
by THE DISTILLERS AGENCY LTD.
SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS
EDINBURGH
EXIT
959

Better than Ever—The Sept. Issue of
BRITANNIA and EVE

Maybe your impression of a magazine is governed by what magazines used to be . . . Not so to-day. When you travel, when you want "something to read," at home, by the sea, just you get the Sept. issue of BRITANNIA & EVE. You'll be astounded at the volume of its contents and beautiful production for one shilling, but most of all we think you will be impressed by its harmony with the fiction, the affairs and the thought of this modern-day world.

"But—we can't go on this way—"

"I tell you I'll get even, one way or another."

"Not by stealing, surely."

"For God's sake, don't lecture!" Arthur seized his *topi* and strode out of the room, leaving his wife crushed.

Joan was thoroughly terrified now. Arthur a thief! . . . And yet there was a certain courage about that confession, for he could have hidden the truth from her easily enough. Or was it courage? Perhaps it was defiance. Perhaps he had grown wholly indifferent to her. Whatever the truth, the future now was dark indeed.

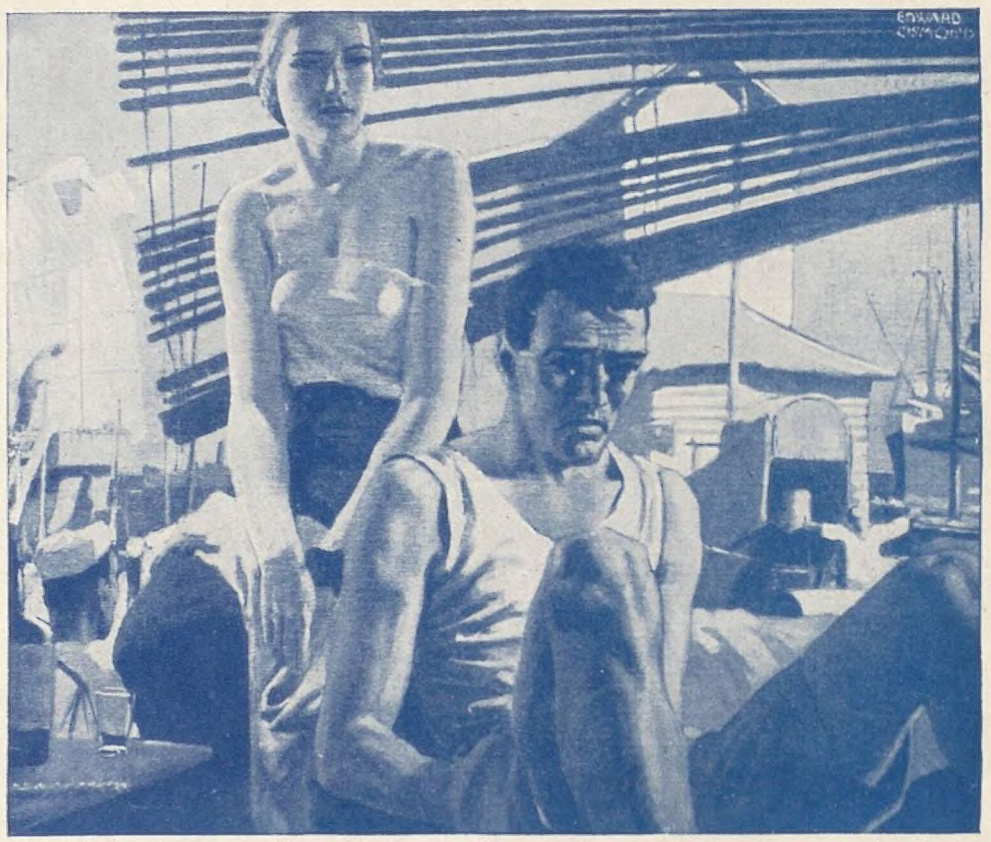
That affair at Roeter's turned out to be only the first of several similar "misfortunes," as Arthur termed them. He and Joan left Singapore finally and drifted to Malacca, then on to Kuala Lumpur, Ipoh and Penang. Crenshaw worked at one thing and another: he tallied cargo, he was a clerk at a tin mine, he recruited labour in *kampongs*, but sooner or later he was always fired, and Joan suspected why.

Husband and wife had fallen steadily in the social scale, of course. The time came when they were considered a menace to the white man's prestige. This was death to Joan, but when she mentioned leaving the East, Arthur flew into a rage and refused to budge.

"Naturally it makes them sore to have me kicking about," he would say. "That's why I hang on. Run me out? Never!"

Not many women would have stuck to a man under these circumstances, but Joan was not the quitting kind. . . .

In "THE BARBARIAN," a story of the poison of the East, by Rex Beach.



"THE BARBARIAN," by Rex Beach.
"IN THE YEAR OF REVOLUTIONS," by F. Britten Austin.
"THE DEAD MAN'S CHEST," by Beatrice Grimshaw.
"WHEN I WAS DOWN AND OUT," by Gilbert Frankau,
"THE FAKE OF THE FILM STAR," by Hannen Swaffer.
"THESE DISCREET BIOGRAPHIES," by Beverley Nichols.
"THE FAILURE OF THE CHURCH," by Storm Jameson
"THIS ENGLAND OF YOURS," by Jacqueline Logan.
"CORA PEARL," by M. Willson Disher.
"COMRADES AND FELLOW WORKERS . . . ." by Diana Bourbon.
"THE VICAR'S WIFE," by Phoebe Fenwick Gaye.
"FAMOUS WOMEN OF HISTORY," No. 17 AGRIPPINA. Painted by F. Matania, R.I.
"FROM MONARCHY TO COMMONER," by Herbert Vivian.
"BEHIND THE SCENES WITH THE 'CRIMINAL' CHILD," by Joan Woollcombe.
"NACH PARIS," by Guy Gilpatric.
THE FUN FAIR.
"OTHER PEOPLE'S HOUSES," by Peggy Fremantle.
"THE SCREEN'S TOWER OF BABEL," by Sydney Tremayne.
"BOOKS" by Arnold Palmer.
"PARISIANA," by H. Pearl Adam.
"SEPTEMBER STORIES," by Catherine Ives.
WINTER WINDS—AND WOOLLENS.
HATS AND BLOUSES TO MAKE AT HOME.
"CHESTS AND CUPBOARDS," by Beryl Freeman.
"REFURNISHING FOR THE WINTER MONTHS," by Wilma Bernhard.
"THE GROUPING OF FURNITURE," by Len Challoner.
FOR WET AND WINTRY WEATHER.
EASILY MADE ACCESSORIES.
EARLY AUTUMN ACCESSORIES.
WINDOW SHOPPING.

All in the Sept. Issue—On Sale Sept. 2ND

Printed by EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE, LTD., *His Majesty's Printers*, at East Harding Street, London, E.C., and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., Inveresk House, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2
August 30, 1930. Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.